McKean County Miner.

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DEMOCRATS HOLD A VERY HOT SESSION

County Committee met in Bradford Last Saturday

THE KEYSTONE WING IN CONTROL

Old Line Democrats Don't Like the Way the Game is Played But Have to Take Their Medicine—Chairman Paul Will Hold the Reins and Do the Driving in this Campaign

The McKean county Democratic committee held a somewhat heated session at the Hotel Holley yesterday afternoon says Saturday's Bradford Era. At 2 o'clock when the convention was called to order the large sample room on the ground floor of the hotel was filled to its entire seating capacity and there were a number of interested citizens standing.

The two wings of the party were well represented—the Old Line Democrats and the Keystoners. The latter were in the majority and this fact was emphasized later when the steam roller was put into motion. But the Old Liners were there with the goods oratorically speaking and they told the Keystone theorists some things that were not pleasing to them.

Intense bitterness was shown in the attitude of the factions toward each other and in one instance blows seemed imminent. This was in the hotel prior to the meeting.

The issue of the occasion was James G Paul chairman of the county committee. Paul has been charged persistently with having turned the party machinery over to the Keystoners and some of the Old Line brethren desired that he be side tracked for the good of the order. But the side-track was not properly connected and there was nothing doing. Paul proved beyond the shadow of a doubt (to quote a phrase heard in the excitement) that he is the boss of the party machine in McKean county—and don't you forget it.

James G Paul presided at the social session and C A Simpson was secretary. Secretary Simpson read the resolutions which were adopted.

Chairman Paul announced that he wished to make a few remarks defining his attitude toward the Democratic and Keystone parties. He said that a year ago he was practically forced to take the chairmanship of the Democratic party against his will. He said that there had been so much misrepresentation throughout the county of late that he deemed his explanation necessary. He remarked that the stories that he had quit the Democratic party and had gone over to the Keystone party were false. He closed by offering his verbal resignation to the committeemen. In a moment one of the delegates was on his feet with a motion not to accept Mr Paul's resignation. There was a quick seconding and when the vote was taken it was almost unanimous.

Hon R W Hilton was the next speaker. He told about the so-called snap convention being held last week and closed by pleading for harmony. "Let us forgive and forget" said he.

C G Fitzgibbon of Bradford, was of the opinion that the Democratic party was first to be recognized and that if there was any fusion let the Keystone men come to the Democrats.

County Commissioner J P Devlin of Smethport made a very animated speech in which he stated that he was one of those who had circulated a petition among the Democratic committeemen to call the meeting of last week. It was to get the Democrats together on a party footing he said. He did not think it was good policy to call good Democrats traitors as he had done during the session. Mr Devlin became somewhat personal in his remarks and the chairman reminded him that he must be in order. Mr Hilton spoke in answer to some of the charges made by Mr Devlin.

Editor Lindsley of the Smethport Democrat said he was a Democrat and that he was loyal to the principles of his party. He was sorry to say that there were some that could not say as much. Those who said that he was not loyal to his party and had so conducted his newspaper were liars.

William Lynch from over near the York state line in Ceres said that he wished to unite the party. He asserted that the convention was much like boys play. He gave up the job however, of trying to heal some of the old sores and many fresh wounds and took his seat.

Representative Benson of Mt Jewett took the floor and told the delegates where he stood and where he expected to stand in the future. He read the platform of the Allentown convention and gave other interesting historical data. He closed by offering a resolution that the present officers of the committee hold over until next April. The motion prevailed after a discussion. The resolution follows:

Inasmuch as under the law the present members of the Democratic committee hold their offices until next year

Resolved That the present organization of the committee be continued and that our chairman secretary and treasurer be continued in office until next year or until their successor is elected and qualified.

The officers holding over are Chairman James G Paul secretary G A Simpson, treasurer F P Isherwood.

A resolution offered by Felix Quinlan of Bradford provided that a committee be named to confer with other parties as to fusion and harmony was adopted as follows:

Whereas It is of the utmost importance to the course of good government in county and state that all of the forces opposed to the corrupt machine which for so long has dominated and still seeks to dominate the politics of the county and state should be united in their opposition to corrupt machine methods and united in their support of candidates who may be relied upon to carry out the expressed will of the people.

Resolved That the chairman appoint a committee of nine one to consist of the chairman to confer with a committee or committees of like number from other anti-gang parties with a view of making it certain that the progressive forces may be united and that candidates may be placed before the people for their suffrages who will be free from the slightest taint of bossism graft or corruption.

KEYSTONERS MEET

County Committee Holds Meeting in Bradford Last Saturday

The Keystone county committee met at the Hotel Holley Saturday afternoon. Chairman G Cable of Bradford presided and C Gardner was secretary says the Bradford Era.

As far as the chairman and secretary knew there were about ten delegates in attendance. A number of those present spoke words of cheer for the future of the party. One orator said that the party was just as strong to day as it ever was.

Rules to govern the Keystone party of this county were read and adopted.

A motion was carried to have the chairman appoint a committee including the chairman to investigate candidates and confer with other parties. The chairman appointed the following: John Lundberg of Kane, Leo Goding of Port Allegany, F D Ostrander, of Ceres and John T Burkholder of Mt Jewett.

Resolutions were adopted. In one clause of the declarations the Keystoners attack the county treasurer and claim that that official is receiving too much of the people's money in the form of salary. The Keystoners blame the county commissioners for allowing this to happen. Friends of Treasurer Isherwood are wondering why the Keystoners should view with alarm the salary of a Democratic official and an officer of the pro-fusion Democratic county committee in view of the friendly relations of the Democrats and Keystoners in this county. But strange statements are to be expected from superheated attorneys at times during the hot wave.

The last paragraph of the resolutions indicate that in districts where there are no Kestone candidates the party will endorse nominees of other parties. The Keystoners express a strong dislike for Penrose Democrats—whatever they may be.

For Sale

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies harnesses, robes, farming inplements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E W JONES, Liveryman

For Sale

House and lot cow three buggies surrey surrey bobs double driving harness double york harness collie dog white rabbits four gas stoves

BURDETTE S BAYLE,

Jul 15 tf Smethport Pa

FOREST FIRES IN FAR NORTH

Great Forest Fires in Ontario Canada, and Northern Michigan—Great Loss of Life

Ottawa Ont July 12—A late special from North Bay says the forest fires that have been raging there for days past have developed into what looks like one of the biggest disasters northern Ontario has ever suffered.

In many instances notably at Cochrane South Porcupine and Pottsville all three of which have been totally destroyed the fire raged with such swiftness and fury that the population had barely time to save their lives and abandon everything in the rush for safety.

The fire swept over an area 500 miles long and many miles wide from North Bay downward and within this area the damage done is incalculable.

Every mining camp from Dome to Whitney is gone. Men women and children lack the bare necessities of life. There are thousands of refugees; many of them entered the Golden City who escaped the main path of the flames. The Ontario government railway is giving all possible aid both in shelter supplies and transportation to the sufferers and towns untouched by the flames are also contributing. Food stuffs are mostly needed.

It is reported from North Bay that [illegible] have been lost as a result of the fires and that the losses will be over two million dollars.

Detroit Mich July 12—The forest fires in northern Michigan are raging tonight but not nearly so rapidly as yesterday owing to the [illegible] of the wind.

The first refugees from Oscoda and Au Sable arrived in Detroit this afternoon. They escaped from the burning cities on a steamer which was afire when it left its dock.

Some definite estimates of loss of life now are made. In the two burned cities there are at least 20 known dead. Many others are missing. The loss in these two cities alone is $2 [illegible]

The town likely to be attacked is Wurtsmith which is near Cummon. Appeals were sent out at 7 o'clock to night and shortly afterward communication was lost. Dispatches from Frederic seven miles away say that [illegible] entirely in flames [illegible] the fire is [illegible] right [illegible] it was only [illegible] The last word from the town was that all the lumber yards were afire.

Relief trains were started from Grayling and Gaylord this afternoon.

An Alpena dispatch received here shortly after 8 o'clock to-night says: about a hundred residences are standing in that city but every business place was destroyed. A general appeal has been sent to the people [illegible] for help. [illegible] is [illegible] food and will be able to do so for several days. In Detroit preparations are being made to send wearing apparel and other necessities.

A lumber camp near Grayling was burned late this afternoon and one man is reported dead.

Orders were issued today for three companies of militia to be sent to the burned district. There is no need of martial law however. The soldiers will be used only for making tented abodes for the homeless and for such other rescue work as may be necessary.

The fires now have attacked 12 counties though not covering any of them completely. They have broken out in widely separated localities. The intense heat of the last month has made the woods so dry that the slightest carelessness in the lumber camps and by woodsmen will start fires that cannot be controlled. The counties that have been affected are Emmett Cheboygan Presque Isle Otsego Montmorency Alpena Alcona Oscoda Crawford Roscommon Ogemaw and Iosco.

SIMPSON MAN INJURED

Automobile Ditched and James Truesdale Was Hurled to the Ground—He is at the Hospital

James Truesdale who lives at Simpson in this county while driving his automobile on the macadamized highway about noon Saturday met with an accident in which he sustained a dislocation of the right shoulder and the right hip.

Mr Truesdale was in the vicinity of Derrick City and his machine was going at a lively clip. The wind was brisk and a coat on the seat of the auto was being whisked off, when Truesdale make a quick move to catch it. In doing so he lost control of the automobile. The machine went into the ditch and the man was thrown to the ground and injured severely.

Dr D E Ash of this city was notified by telephone and hurried to the scene of the accident. The injured man was placed in the doctor's car and conveyed to the Bradford hospital where he was given the necessary surgical attention.—Bradford Era

ELK COUNTY MYSTERY

Woman Was Killed by Bullet—Husband Was in a Woodshed Near by—He Shows no Emotion

Ridgway Pa July 7—Seated on the porch of her home at Centerville early last evening Mrs Frank Thompson a well known woman of that place was shot in the right breast and almost instantly killed by a bullet from a 32 calibre gun.

After an inquest covering nearly six hours the jury returned a verdict at 1 30 this morning that Mrs Thompson had been killed by a gunshot wound at the hands of an unknown person.

The entire shooting is shrouded in mystery. Mrs Thompson came out of the house shortly after supper and was seated just in front of the open window. Her husband according to the testimony submitted at the inquest was sitting at the woodshed perhaps fifty feet to the left of the woman. Several witnesses testified that they heard the whiz of the bullet and saw Mrs Thompson sink to the floor of the porch. Nobody however could see from which direction the bullet came.

Judging from the location of the bullet it might have been fired from directly in front of the woman at some distance away or from the left of the porch.

The husband does not seem to show much emotion over the death of his wife. Two young sons of the dead woman are greatly distressed in their grief.

KUSHEQUA GETS CROSSING

Supreme Court Confirms Decision of Lower Court in Shawmut Crossing Case

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania handed down a decision last Thursday in the case of the Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R R Co vs the Keating & Smethport R R Co confirming the decision of Judge Ormerod in the McKean county court giving the Keating & Smethport R R the right to cross the tracks of the Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R R at grade at the point near the foot of Union street in this borough where the K P B & K Ry now crosses the Shawmut track with a narrow gauge track.

This will be a great convenience to the Kushequa system as it will give it a direct connection with the Pennsylvania R R at East Smethport where in the past the Kushequa has been obliged to ferry all its cars over the crossing on narrow gauge cars with a narrow gauge engine.

THE NEW GARAGE

It Has Been Opened to the Public by The Backus Novelty Co

The new automobile garage of the Backus Novelty Company on Water street is now open to the public and is enjoying an excellent line of patronage. The garage is under the management of John Sandpaugh one of the very best automobile mechanics in this section of the state. This garage is kept open from 7 o'clock in the morning until 1 o'clock at night every day in the week Sundays included which is a great accommodation to the automobile traveling public.

This garage is fifty feet square and is constructed of tile sides a cement floor and steel girders with a composition roof which makes it as near fire proof as is practical. It is well lighted and ventilated and is in every way a modern garage.

Millinery for Spring

My Millinery display for Spring is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies headgear, call on

Mar 22 tf CARRIE CLARK

Fifty Young Men Wanted

To qualify for $75 to $100 a month positions. A ten months course will do it. Westbrook Academy, Olean, N Y Jul 15-3t

SHRINERS AT ROCHESTER

Fargo, N D Man Chosen as Imperial Potentate and Los Angeles Gets the Next Supreme Council

Rochester, July 12—Election of officers selection of the next convention city and the transaction of general business confronted the imperial council Ancient Arabic Order, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine at its second session to-day. Following last night's parade in which 20 000 Shriners paraded the Nobles were late in gathering to day.

John F Treat of Fargo N D, was elected imperial potentate at this morning's session of the imperial council.

Other officers elected are:

Imperial deputy potentate William J Cunningham Boumi Temple Baltimore Md, imperial chief rabban W W Irwin Osiris Temple Wheeling W Va, imperial high priest and prophet Putnam Stevens Kora Temple Portland Me, imperial oriental guide H F Niedringhaus Moila Temple St Louis Mo, imperial treasurer W S Brown Syria Temple Pittsburg Pa, imperial recorder B W Rowell Aleppo Temple Boston imperial first ceremonial master Charles E Ovenshire Zuhrah Temple Minneapolis Minn, imperial marshal W Freeland Kendrick Lu Lu Temple Philadelphia, imperial captain of guards Ellis L Garretson Afifi Temple Tacoma Wash imperial outer guard W J Matthews Mecca Temple New York imperial second ceremonial master J [illegible] Jacobs Murat Temple Indiana [illegible] imperial assistant rabban Frederick R Smith Damascus Temple Rochester.

Los Angeles Cal was chosen as the place for the next supreme council which will be held the first Tuesday and Wednesday of May 1912.

POWDER IN A BOTTLE

It Exploded and Two Boys Were Painfully Injured

Philip Goseppi aged 12 years of No 8 River street and Louis Pascale, aged [illegible] years of No 22 River street were seriously injured about 7 o'clock Sunday evening by the explosion of a bottle of powder which they were experimenting with. Both are at the Bradford hospital having been conveyed to that institution from their homes in Stull's ambulance.

Philip Goseppi was given surgical attention by Dr A M Straight. The lad has [illegible] lacerations on his body and the doctor removed about 50 small pieces of glass from the wounds. The most of the glass was in his thigh hands and legs. He also was slightly burned about his eyes by the powder.

Louis Pascale the other lad was attended by Dr James Johnson. His injuries were mostly from flying glass. He has a number of slight lacerations about his body and one elbow is quite severely lacerated. He apparently did not get so much of the effects of the explosion as did Goseppi.

The exact details of what happened are not clear to the police or to the attending physicians. The two injured boys had a bottle of powder and a hammer. With a third boy of about the same age who escaped injury they went to the bank of the creek in the rear of No 22 River street and there was an explosion which could be distinctly heard as far as Main street.—Bradford Era

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr and Mrs George W King visited Eldred Monday.

Fred Burlingame was a St Marys visitor Saturday and Sunday.

Mr and Mrs James Quirk are visiting friends in Rochester N Y.

Mrs George Reed of Farmers Valley is visiting friends in town.

Andrew Hanley of Olean was a Smethport visitor over Sunday.

Miss Anna Berry of Coleville is the guest of her sister Mrs Leo Herzog.

A N Heard of Bradford was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

Mrs Agnes McCarthy of Olean is visiting her brother J C Cunningham.

Mrs Mary Hassey and grandson, Francis are visiting relatives in Bolivar.

Miss Anna Burke of LeRoy N Y, is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Mrs John Miller and infant daughter left on Tuesday for their home in Buffalo.

Dr and Mrs Burg Chadwick are spending the week with Buffalo friends.

Mr and Mrs Frank Armstrong of Norwich were Smethport visitors yesterday.

Milton Andrews and Dud Henderson left for Fassett Canada last Thursday.

Mr and Mrs Thomas Camp returned Monday from a visit with friends at Shinglehouse Pa.

Mr and Mrs George Rees and daughter of Corryville spent the Fourth at Riverside Park.

Mrs H W Rubin and son Harry, were called to St Marys Saturday by the death of Miss Berger.

Mrs Osborn Bush and family of Clarion Pa were visiting friends and relatives in town last week.

Miss Alice Daly is home from Erie to spend her vacation with her parents Mr and Mrs E T Daly.

Paul D Hamlin who has been visiting in town for several days left yesterday for a visit in Syracuse.

Miss Edna Keenan of New York city is visiting at the home of her parents Mr and Mrs E L Keenan.

Cylon Ordway left last week for Hammondsport N Y where he expects to spend his summer vacation.

Miss Ruth Orlatt who has been the guest of her brother B P Orlatt, for a week left for Farmers Valley Monday.

Allen Morrison and Edwin Bouton returned from Erie yesterday where they have been visiting relatives and friends.

Ben Sloppy a former resident of Smethport but now living in Kane, visited friends here Sunday returning Monday.

Mrs F P Isherwood Mrs E E Heath Mrs H C Wells and Miss Irma Wells drove to Port Allegany yesterday.

Mrs Mable Haney and family of Cole Creek were visitors at her mother's home Mrs Arnet in East Smethport Sunday.

Mrs W B Means and children Edward and Ellen returned Monday from a week's visit with relatives in Brockwayville.

Mr and Mrs D L Forsythe returned home Monday from Whitesville, N Y where they had been for the past two weeks.

Mrs George Stanton of Marvin Creek was called to the home of her daughter Mrs George Alcock by illness last Saturday.

Mrs Gordon Studholme and daughter Margaret of Port Allegany are guests of the former's parents Mr and Mrs F A Holder.

Mr and Mrs F C Backus and Mr and Mrs Sidney Burdick were Limestone visitors Sunday making the trip in the former's automobile.

Mrs F M Cheeseman returned Saturday from Butler where she had been on account of the illness of her daughter Mrs L B Williams.

Dr and Mrs John McAlpin returned last night from an automobile trip to points in Canada with the former's father Dr A McAlpin of Bradford.

Edward O'Brien of East Smethport returned home Monday from Olean, where he has been employed for the past month by the O P & S St R R.

George Howe of East Smethport was in Cleveland Ohio on business regarding his new patent the Hose [illegible] Nut Lock returning last Friday.

Mrs H E Cooper and sister Miss Maud Alcock were called home Friday from Kane by the illness of their mother Mrs George Alcock of King street.

John Walker Francis Lynch Ralph Budget and F[illegible] Walker of East Smethport journeyed to Norwich Monday to secure positions with the Norwich Construction Co.

Mr and Mrs H L Backus and daughter Christine returned home Friday from Titusville Pa. They were accompanied home by Mrs F F Sittack and daughter Grace.

Miss Theo Gifford and Miss Gertrude Scudder who have been guests at the home of the former's parents, Mr and Mrs L D Gifford on Mill street left to-day. Miss Gifford returning to Williamsport and Miss Scudder going to Johnsonburg to visit before she returns to Williamsport.

ADVERTISED LETTERS

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa for the week ending July 8th 1911

Hawler Mrs L S

Harold Mrs Rachel

Persons calling for these letters please say Advertised. All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J C GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Will Open September 5

Westbrook Commercial Academy will begin its 30th year Sept. 5 Free catalogue Jul 15 3t

The Colors That Saved

A Fourth of July Story

How Paula Came to Love the Red, White and Blue

By EMMA ARCHER OSBORNE

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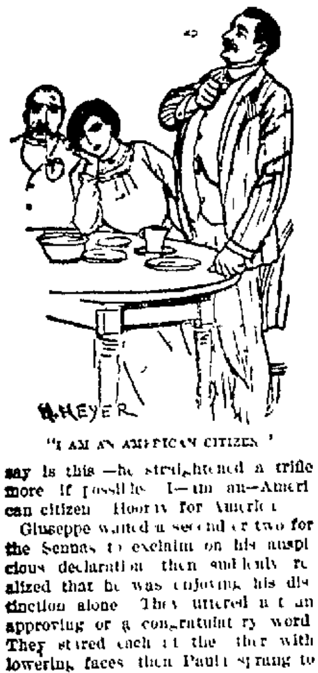
"And now," said Giuseppe Ancona, addressing the Senna family in Italian—"now that it is the Fourth of July, the great American holiday, I have something to tell you." He rose clumsily to his feet from the plain rough table at which he was seated with the others.

"I am so proud," he continued, self satisfaction oozing from his rather handsome dark face and his dancing black eyes, "that I don't know how I ever kept it to myself until today, the day of celebration. What I have to



"I AM AN AMERICAN CITIZEN."

say is this"—he straightened a trifle more if possible—"I—am an—American citizen! Hooray for America!"

Giuseppe waited a second or two for the Sennas to exclaim on his auspicious declaration, then suddenly realized that he was enjoying his distinction alone. They uttered not an approving or a congratulatory word. They stared each at the other with lowering faces, then Paula sprang to her feet, her big round dark eyes flashing.

"Italia! Italia forever!" she flung back at him with a wild gesture, while the look on her face stung Giuseppe to the heart.

Surprised and disappointed, he let his arm fall slowly to his side. His jaw dropped and his body relaxed until he bore the semblance of a very crestfallen American. He shrugged his shoulders and turned his sobered face toward Paula. "Then you don't like America?" he said in a voice very soft, yet trembling with disappointment.

"I hate it—oh, I hate [illegible]," she cried, [illegible] before [illegible] He [illegible] mother [illegible] and giving [illegible] they went [illegible] neighbors [illegible] doorsteps [illegible] expectant, Giuseppe to comfort the girl after the manner of [illegible].

Paula [illegible] to her and touching her lightly on the shoulder. "Paula, never mind. You have been here only two weeks. You will like it better after awhile. Look up and be happy. I have come to take you for the boat ride, so dress your hair a little, mia. We will have the gala day together."

Paula shook his hand from her shoulder petulantly. She raised her head and looked at him defiantly. "You," she said in a voice bitter with disapproval—"you an American for all time!"

"Forever," he repeated resolutely.

"Why?" she demanded.

"Because," he answered her calmly, "America has liberated me from the bondage of poverty. It has given me work and good wages enough so I can make a little home for you and me. America offers me opportunities unlimited merely for the effort. Here in this beautiful country, Paula, I can work hard and make you a great lady and myself a great man."

"But this is the country only to make money in," she argued. "That's all it is good for. When you save a thousand dollars we could go back to Italy and live—live," she finished, lifting her beautiful eyes rapturously heavenward as though seeing a vision of the happy, irresponsible sunny land she had so shortly ago quitted.

"And leave America, good America, with all the beautiful possibilities!" exclaimed Giuseppe in consternation. "Mulberry street isn't all of America. Some day we will have money and get out of this dirty, poor place—some day soon, Paula. Then we will go to the beautiful parts. It is oh, so fine away from Mulberry street!"

Unconsciously he was fondling the tiny American flag which adorned the lapel of his coat. Paula was watching him sorily, whimsically. She disliked to see him wearing the bit of red, white and blue. She would rather it were red, white and green, Italia's emblem. The longer she regarded it the more it displeased her, until in a sudden flash of temper she reached out a little brown hand, snatched it from its place of honor and crumpled it destructively.

In an instant the hot blood leaped to Giuseppe's face. His arms went rigid at his sides, and he instinctively clinched his fists.

"Paula!" he exclaimed in shocked injury.

"Italia for me!" she averred, tossing the despised flag back at him indifferently. "You may stay in your America if you wish. I shall not. Pietro Binconte goes back to Italy next month," she added significantly.

"Pietro Binconte!" Giuseppe cried, stepping close to her and now furious.

"Pietro," she repeated with a tantalizing nod.

"And you love Binconte?" he asked savagely.

She had not the slightest affection for Binconte. She did, however, delight in teasing Giuseppe. It was such fun to make a man wild with jealousy. She remained silent, letting him infer whatever his mad passion might prompt him to. But her coquetry was very short lived. Too angry to trust himself to remain longer with her, Giuseppe abruptly stalked from the room without so much as a look in her direction.

Paula listened to his coarse, heavy shoes thumping down the stairs, and she leaned far out of the window and watched him make his way hastily along the street. Then she looked down on her neat white dress, at her pink ribbons and at her new American hat with the sickening sensation that the great American day, the holiday when everybody was going somewhere, was a blank before her and the tiny flat in which she lived was insufferably hot and stuffy. How she wished she had not provoked Giuseppe and that he would come back!

"And now?" Giuseppe asked himself as he hurried away. He didn't know or care where to. No answer came. Yet in his bitterness of spirit the absurdity of the incident brought a grim smile to his lips. The flag, the symbol of all that which had made it possible for him to marry Paula, had started their quarrel. It was because of his becoming a citizen of the United States and displaying something more than the loyalty of other members of the gang with which he worked that the construction company had assigned to him some responsibilities with a substantial increase in his wages.

How he had worked and saved! How lonely he had been since he had left Paula two years ago in Italy! How he had studied and endeavored to grasp the new language and the American ways so he could progress for Paula's sake!

And now she had literally flung back all his efforts at him with scorn.

But maybe it was because the dear girl was homesick. He had been homesick when he first came over. [illegible] was very disturbing. He should not have left her so hastily. He turned and hurried back. He thumped up the three flights of stairs to the Senna flat again and found that Paula had gone away with Pietro Binconte.

In all the eighteen years of Paula Senna's life [illegible] river it had [illegible] series of surprises and [illegible] her and she was not [illegible] with excitement.

The sky was blue, the rivers and the bays were blue. The people, the buildings, everything was in holiday attire. But it was when the boat had swung out from the dock, when the band played [illegible] tunes, that the [illegible] of the Fourth and the vastness of the city broke on the enraptured gaze of the astonished girl. She was sure she was looking on the entire [illegible] of America and that the whole place was covered with red, white and blue. Oh, what a great place America was after all!

And [illegible] belonged to it now. He was wearing one of those red, white and blue flags in his buttonhole. Her pretty face grew hot as she gazed on the proud star spangled banner in multiplicity. She felt its strength, its power. She was almost afraid for what she had done. And the more she looked at it the better she liked it.

She commenced to hum a tune the band was playing. Pietro interrupted her with an exclamation of disapproval.

"That's America," he said a little sharply. "Don't learn those United States songs. There's no music in them. Come, Paula mia, come over there with me and we will sing our own beautiful music."

He found an unoccupied corner on one side of the boat beside the slanting roof of a big wheel, and they sang Italian melodies together for awhile as they idly drifted past the beautiful scenery. Then Pietro commenced to talk. What he had to say chiefly concerned his contemplated return to Italy and of how he desired to marry Paula and take her back with him. He had money. He had been engaged in the fruit business in America for some years and could now afford to go home and live in ease on a little farm in the province.

"I am betrothed to Giuseppe," protested Paula, with the homesick tears in her eyes.

"Ancona will never go back," Pietro replied, "neither will he save any money. He spends too much on the girls. He has been engaged to three within the past two years."

He looked keenly into Paula's face. The color left her pretty cheeks and lips, she felt dizzy and nearly fainted; she swayed over against Pietro, half unconscious. They were [illegible] where they were, and he quickly slipped a supporting arm around her, gathered her close to him and was on the point of kissing her when she recovered and drew away from him.

"Ah, Paula, Paula, I love you!" he exclaimed in his low, rich voice and bending close to her. "I love you more than Ancona ever knew how to love a woman. I will marry you—I shall die if I do not! Paula mia, I would give my life for you! Come with me away from this hated country—come back to Italia, to the red, white and green!"

He was about to snatch her to him again when some passengers came scurrying around the corner and most inconsiderately seated themselves too close for his further lovemaking. Pietro was sad because Paula had not committed herself to his keeping.

Evening came and they were on the long and scarcely finished recreation pier where the wonderful city was giving free entertainment for its people. They danced with the crowds, listened to the music of the band and joined in the general merrymaking. Fascinated by the myriads of lights along the water front and on the boats, Paula ran frequently to the end of the pier and looked out on this new marvel. Then again she must see and enjoy and exclaim over the elaborate fireworks display. Truly this amazing America had not been half enough exploited. "And Giuseppe belongs to it," she repeated over and over to herself.

Binconte the while was persistently begging her to cast Giuseppe aside for him.

"We will be married tomorrow and sail for Italy the next day," he pleaded, holding Paula close to him as they waltzed to a popular air.

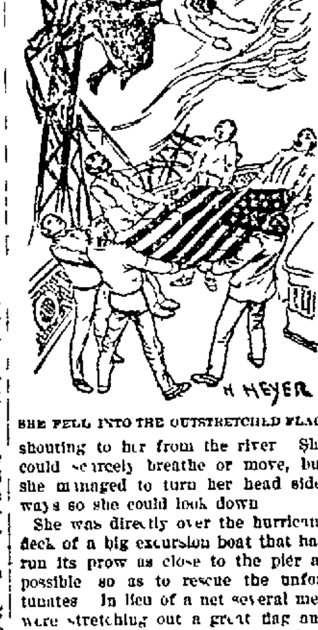
"Why so soon?" Paula asked, surprised at his eagerness to sail earlier than he had planned.

Before Binconte could reply there arose a wild commotion all around them. They stopped dancing suddenly, and at the extreme river end of the pier, frightened and wild eyed, they stared and wondered.

The floor was giving way beneath their feet. The roof was falling in. Huge girders and pillars were toppling and [illegible] amid terrifying cries and shouts of the hundreds of persons. The entire structure bent, shook and sagged together in a horrible destructive mass, its grinding crash commingling with the agonizing screams of those it crunched under its weight.

Simultaneously long tongues of fire sprang up [illegible] rolled and crept along [illegible] the ruin into [illegible]. Only one avenue of escape was left for those not already caught and pinned down to certain death—a single narrow stairway near where Paula and Binconte were, and in less time than it takes to tell that exit was blocked. [illegible]

[illegible] returning [illegible] she heard a man



SHE FELL INTO THE OUTSTRETCHED FLAG

shouting to her from the river. She could scarcely breathe or move, but she managed to turn her head sideways so she could look down.

She was directly over the hurricane deck of a big excursion boat that had run its prow as close to the pier as possible so as to rescue the unfortunates. In lieu of a net several men were stretching out a great flag and shouting to her to jump. She tried to but failed from weakness.

Then she heard a voice she knew entreating, begging her to try again. She looked in the direction whence it came. It was Giuseppe! He was on his knees beside the flag, screaming, gesticulating, imploring, praying. Giuseppe! Then he was not angry, and he did love her after all. His cries heartened her. Slowly, tortuously she managed to free herself little by little until she stood clear and poised on the very edge of the long piece of scantling. It was far, far down to the flag, but in the folds of that wide stretch of red, white and blue there was life, and Giuseppe was waiting for her.

She breathed a little prayer, closed her eyes, leaned forward and permitted herself to fall into the beautiful colors, then into Giuseppe's arms.

The Abershaw Diamonds

An International Engagement and What Came of It

By HOWARD FIELDING

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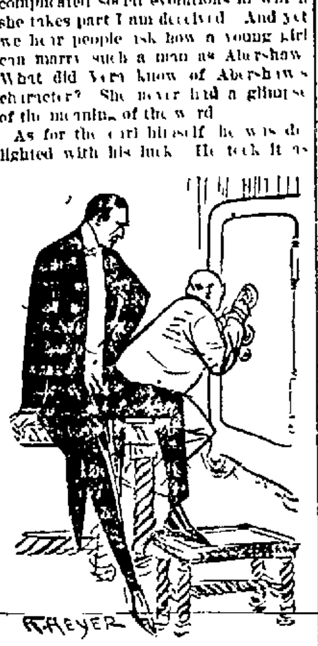
Mrs. Linwood Farrington, in the course of a visit to England, where she had the honor of being presented at court, discovered the impecunious young Earl of Abershaw and decided to make her daughter Vera a countess. Vera was quite willing. She wanted to be a countess if she could not do better, and she really liked the Earl of Abershaw's appearance. He looked a rascal to any one who understands the rudiments of physiognomy, but it would be hasty to conclude that Vera had a preference for rascals.

Vera is of the type of girl most difficult to understand, one of those to whom the externals of life are all of it. If a gleam of real intelligence illuminates her progress through the complicated social evolutions in which she takes part I am deceived. And yet we hear people ask how a young girl can marry such a man as Abershaw. What did Vera know of Abershaw's character? She never had a glimpse of the meaning of the word.

As for the earl himself, he was delighted with his luck. He took it as



HE SAW EVERY POINT OF THE COMBINATION

an exhausted gambler takes a turn of the cards in his favor at the moment when his last stake is on the table.

Abershaw, however, was a man of considerable ability. It is surprising [illegible] that in youth he was a hard student with a taste for science, and that even now he has a little laboratory [illegible]. When his excitement sought [illegible] offered [illegible] was in an extremely [illegible] but the stimulus of [illegible]. His case was so desperate that he [illegible] wait for the [illegible]. He [illegible] upon Mr. Linwood Farrington, who came to England [illegible] to Mrs. Farrington's summons, but to borrow money of his prospective father-in-law. In this daring task the young earl succeeded, and among the results of his triumph was the redemption of the Abershaw jewels, upon which a money lender had fastened his clutches.

The jewels represent a great fortune. The chief article in the collection was a stomacher of diamonds worth perhaps [illegible] and for various reasons is very well known in England. Abershaw [illegible] had [illegible] in this because he had involved himself in a mesh of falsehood about it to Mrs. Farrington and had almost been driven to the [illegible] of getting up a bogus burglary to account for its absence when Mr. Farrington's generosity saved him.

In a casket of ebony and silver the stomacher crossed the Atlantic with the Farringtons and the Earl of Abershaw and was eventually deposited in a safe in the Farrington mansion in New York. It was to be the earl's wedding gift to his bride.

Arriving in our metropolis, his pockets well lined for the moment with the remains of the Farrington loan, Abershaw began to cut quite a figure in that strange and painful mixture of odds and ends which is all that remains of Society with a capital S. Here he fell at once under the influence of certain wise advisers who gave him tips on Wall street, and the inevitable happened. He lost the money.

He dared not approach Farrington again so soon nor confess his folly. The ultimate stake was too large to be risked in this way. Yet he must have money. Abershaw was at his wits' end and tortured by a peculiar temptation which I will disclose.

The earl has an uncommon pair of eyes. He can see farther than a fish hawk. He sat on a table one day when Mr. Farrington was opening the safe where the Abershaw diamonds reposed, and he saw every point of the combination. An ordinary man would not have looked and could not have seen, but to Abershaw it was like reading the morning paper.

Now aside from the stomacher, there were in the safe a few other pieces in separate cases, any of them worth enough to tide the earl over his present difficulty. What he eventually did after enduring his penury for some days was to take a diamond bracelet from the safe and exchange it for a duplicate in paste. The work was done overnight, for the piece was extremely simple, and Abershaw was well satisfied with the proceeds. He had, indeed, been treated very liberally in order that he might return.

This was very "easy" money, and the most of it was lost in a single evening at cards. Next night he visited the Farrington safe again and secured a brooch which promptly became paste.

The evil spirit dwelling in the man's breast exulted at these paltry crimes. But there was not very much in the safe. Mrs. Farrington and Vera had not yet taken their jewels from the vault in which they deposited them immediately after returning from abroad. Only a small sum in cash was ever kept in the house. The stomacher was the only prize worthy of such an effort.

The time came, however, when Abershaw was forced to look upon that heirloom as his only salvation from ruin. But the stomacher was too elaborate to be copied in paste within a reasonable time. If taken for this purpose its absence might very likely be missed. If money was to be raised upon it the thing must either be sold or pledged. But how could this be managed?

Abershaw revolved the problem in his mind for a day or two and then was suddenly favored with a luminous idea. He observed one evening a suspicious looking man engaged in a study of the Farrington house from the side street, where there is a small paved court with a fountain adorned with a statue of Mercury. The windows of the room into whose wall the safe is built look out upon this court, and it seemed to Abershaw that the man was studying those windows and the wall below them.

That night Abershaw was on watch from his own windows, which commanded the court, and he saw the same man who had been there in the afternoon pass several times between 1 and half past 1 o'clock. Abershaw crept down to the study, where the safe was, and secured the casket containing the stomacher. He secured the valuable gewgaw, carefully measured the interior of the casket and restored it empty to the safe.

It may be that Abershaw was especially nervous on this occasion. It may be that he had taken too much champagne to brace his courage. The fact is that he moved with less caution than usual and was heard.

I have said nothing thus far about Adelaide Farrington, elder sister of Vera, and it is appropriate that she should have passed without notice. She made very little [illegible] in the world. She is one of those [illegible] heroines who in the [illegible] and [illegible] very beautiful and cultivated girl with a [illegible].

Abershaw from the first moment when [illegible] was an open book—a most unpleasant volume to Adelaide. [illegible] family.

On the night when Abershaw [illegible] was at the head [illegible] knew what he had done.

On the following day Adelaide examined the Abershaw jewels. She discovered that two pieces were paste and that the stomacher was missing. She concluded naturally that this was to be transmuted in the same way, and when on the following night she heard Abershaw go to the safe she supposed that he had substituted the fraudulent article for the real one.

In fact he had done something very different. He had at last followed out the plan of a bogus burglary which had been half formulated in England while the gems were pledged and had been rounded out by his observation of the suspicious character lurking about the house.

His knowledge of chemistry and familiarity with delicate experiment had enabled him to construct an explosive bomb of great power operated by the mechanism of a cheap watch. This he had fitted into the stomacher casket, for of course there was a possibility that the thing might not go off, and in that case it was eminently desirable that it should escape observation if possible. Its explosion would blow open the doors of the safe and simulate a burglary.

Adelaide Farrington after hearing Abershaw return from this errand paced her room for a long time in thought. How could she best use what she knew to break off this wretched marriage?

After much meditation she decided that first she must be sure of her ground. Abershaw might have changed his plans. He might have restored the stomacher in its original condition to the safe. She must know whether this was so, and she decided to find out immediately. She could open the safe. It was best to do so at once if only for her own satisfaction. So she went softly downstairs.

Meanwhile the clockwork in the ebony casket was ticking at a merry pace and rapidly approaching the point where it would release the awful power of the chemical that lay beside it.

Adelaide entered the room, which had once been called the "study." At the side nearest the court there was a table between the two windows, and beside this table, with his back to the girl, there stood a man.

Perhaps because Abershaw was so much upon her mind she supposed this to be the earl. He was bending over, busy about some task. She approached him, where he stood in the dark shadow, and laid a hand upon his arm. He turned with a gasp, a horrible sound, as if his lungs had burst within him. He leaned half against the wall and half upon the table, his knees too weak to support him and without voice to speak. Adelaide saw that he was a stranger. She knew instantly that he was a thief.

The spectacle of his abject terror calmed her. She stepped around the table, putting it between them, and she drew across to her side of it the ebony casket which the man had been trying to wrench open, not having found the secret spring which controlled the lid.

"You took this from the safe," said Adelaide. "Let me tell you that you have wasted your time. These gems are paste."

"Give me that!" cried the man in a hoarse whisper, and the next instant his hand was in his pocket, but he was trembling so that for some seconds he could not draw his revolver.

Adelaide knew what the wretch was after, and she realized her peril, or at least the obvious part of it. She did not know that a danger immeasurably greater lay in the ebony box which she held in her hand.

Yet the box was the source of the danger in one case just as in the other. If the man should shoot her it would be for that. The trained mind of the girl worked with a beautiful precision and pointed to the way of safety.

"I tell you," she said, "that this thing is of no value."

"You lie!" he answered. "I know what's in it. Give it to me."

"Nonsense," she returned. "I'll show you how much I think about it."

The window was open beside her, where the burglar had entered. She turned toward it like a flash, and at that instant she became aware of the ticking of the clockwork, her senses being sharpened to the utmost acuteness by the stress of concentration. Surprise at this sound made her pause. She held the box toward her face.

"There's a watch in it," said he. "You drop that, I'll shoot! Here, what are you doing?"

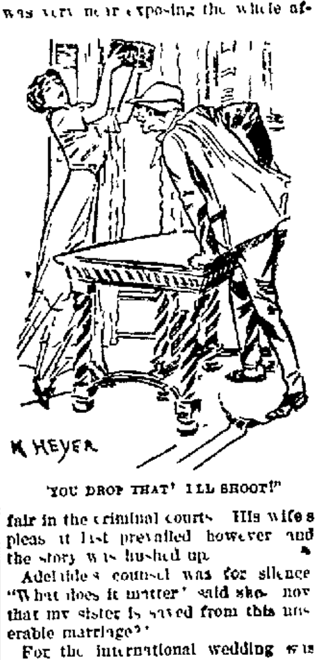
He hurled himself across the table toward her, trying to grasp her arms, but she was too quick for him. She flung the box through the window, crying, "There! Go after it if you want it!"

The casket struck in the basin of the fountain at the foot of the statue. Then indeed the winged Mercury for the first time really flew. He soared above the level of the windows, accompanied by a hundred gallons of dirty water and a deafening, crashing roar.

A shower of glass from the windows fell around Adelaide and the burglar. Amazement bereft them of their wits. They staggered about, uttering inarticulate cries, until the girl recovered some part of her senses and [illegible] with her strength [illegible] at her heels. He escaped [illegible].

[illegible] Abershaw, which he discovered [illegible] However, that when calmness [illegible] in the family councils [illegible] in the light of what Adelaide knew [illegible] had tried to blow up the safe [illegible] in the ebony casket and [illegible] but Abershaw could have a motive for doing such a thing. He denied it to the last, but without producing [illegible] effect upon [illegible] Farrington's judgment.

Mr. Farrington cherished a warm affection for his daughter Adelaide, and the thought of her dreadful peril maddened him to the degree that he was very near exposing the whole af-



"YOU DROP THAT, I'LL SHOOT!"

fair in the criminal courts. His wife's pleas at last prevailed, however, and the story was hushed up.

Adelaide's counsel was for silence. "What does it matter," said she, "now that my sister is saved from this miserable marriage?"

For the international wedding was off. It was as much as the advocates of peace and silence could do to prevent Farrington from fracturing the earl's bones. A public version of the breaking off of the match was prepared and circulated by Mrs. Farrington, and the truth was covered up. The wreck of the flying Mercury was explained in the press without a hint of burglary, real or simulated. It was stated that a bomb had been placed in the fountain by some miscreants of the Black Hand who had tried to extort money from Mr. Farrington by threats.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything [illegible] of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa,

Brasted's

Cut Flowers and Potted Plants

At Brasted's

We also have a nice line of Groceries,

ATLANTIC CITY

Cape May

Wildwood, Ocean City Angelese, Sea Isle City, Holly Beach,
Avalon, Stone Harbor,
NEW JERSEY

July 25, August 9, 18, and September 1, 1911.

ROUND **$10.80** TRIP

FROM SMETHPORT

TICKETS GOOD RETURNING WITHIN FIFTEEN DAYS.

Stop-Over Allowed at Philadelphia

For full information concerning leaving time of trains, consult small hand bills or nearest ticket agent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 6, 1911.

Local and General.

—Daly & Garlick have a new advertisement in this issue.

—Read the advertisement of The Lindholm Company.

—Fry & Comes has a new advertisement this week.

—Erland Ryden is having his house on East Main street painted.

—Secure a suit bargain. Monheimer's advertisement tells you particulars.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad advertises an excursion to Atlantic City in this issue.

—Cement crosswalks have been laid by the borough at the corner of King and State streets.

—F. H. Hungiville, the wholesale liquor dealer, has a new advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

—Specht & Sasse advertise a new contract plan in this issue which should be read by everybody. The $100 benefit which comes in a time of need should be looked into by all our readers.

—Mrs. Mary A. Wood of Olean on Friday purchased of Mrs. Elsie L. Sterling of Weston's Mills, a poultry farm of two acres, located on the trolley line two miles east of Portville. Possession will be given next Monday. The trade included all growing crops and fruit. The transfer was made through the Olean office of the Herrick Agency.

—An Italian employed by the Heim Chemical Company at Morrisons, Pa., caught two of the largest trout on Chapple Fork the latter part of the week so far reported this season. One measured seventeen inches and the other twenty-two. He saw the large trout in a hole above which there was very little water flowing in the creek in which he plunged and caught them both by hand with the assistance of a long stick. They claim there are many more large ones in this vicinity as the water is getting low in the creek these big fellows seek deep pools.—Kane Republican.

—Thursday of last week another valuable draught horse belonging to Edward Mulholland of Rathmel Junction, became sick, exhibited symptoms of rabies, and had to be shot, says the Reynoldsville, Pa., Star. This is the second horse belonging to Mr. Mulholland that has had to be killed in the space of a month owing to the development of rabies, supposed to have been the direct result of the horses being bitten by a dog which went on the rampage in that section on the night of April 23rd.

—A candidate in ordering his announcement to The Miner this week says: "I fully realize that it is absolutely necessary that, to be successful, my announcement must appear in the 'Old Realiable McKean County Miner.'" This friend may be putting it a little strong but there is a good deal of truth in it, as certain knockers will find out in time to come.

—Darius Greer, the seven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Greer of Foster Brook, while on his way to the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Foster, yesterday afternoon, came in contact with a live electric wire and before he was rescued was severely burned and shocked. Mrs. Disney, his aunt, tried to release the boy and she, too, was shocked severely. E. D. Foster, the grandfather, in his efforts to save the boy, was knocked down when he came in contact with the wire. When finally released from his perilous position, the boy was considerably burned about his hands and legs. A doctor was called and last night the youngster was doing as well as could be expected. It was a very narrow escape.—Friday's Bradford Era.

—Pennsylvania railroad detectives admitted Saturday night that another atempt was made Friday to hold up train 41 on the Philadelphia & Erie branch. This is the same train that was held up with much display of firearms just a week previous. According to the detectives, a holdup Friday night was forestalled by holding the train at Belle Valley for 40 minutes. Shortly before 9 o'clock the railroad officials were notified by farmers that a gang of men was at work on the track between Erie and Belle Valley. The train was ordered held at the latter place while a score of officers were rushed to the spot on a switch engine, the approach of which warned the outlaws, for none were found. The woods in the vicinity were searched all night without result and all news of the incident was suppressed until Saturday night.

—The gypsy moth, the most destructive tree insect, has been found in Bradford. As this moth has done enormous damage to fruit and shade trees throughout the east, it behooves the Bradford people to be on the lookout for it and to work together to stamp it out before it gets a foothold. The male and female moth are widely different in size and markings, the latter having a wide variation of color and a larger body and wings. The full grown caterpillar is about 1½ inches long, with three parallel yellow stripes running lengthwise on its black body. Trees and shrubs should be sprayed with assenate of lead when the young caterpillar appears.—Bradford Star-Record.

—Saturday night about twelve o'clock one of the night police took charge of Blanche Cunningham, a girl twelve or fourteen years old, who was found in the park at that hour with a number of the Italian carnival band, says the Kane Republican. She came to Kane on Saturday afternoon from Ridgway on the 3:05 train and went to the carnival grounds immediately upon her arrival, and from her appearance the police from the very start thought she was a newcomer, as she was very poorly clad, and her hands and face had not been washed, judging from appearances, for some time. When questioned she gave her name and address without hesitancy. She was taken to a hotel where she was cared for until the chief of police got into communication with Ridgway officials the next morning. The officer found out that she lived at Ridgway with her mother who had missed the girl and was about to notify the police when she learned through them that her daughter had come to Kane. Chief of Police Lobaugh of that place came to Kane on the afternoon train, returning to Ridgway in the evening, with the girl.

SNOBBERY BELOW STAIRS.

The Way English Servants Ape Their Master's Airs and Graces.

Writing on snobs in the New York Tribune, Frederick Townsend Martin, the society millionaire, says:

We are all familiar with the ludicrous snobbery among English servants that existed in the time of Mr. Pickwick. Not so many of us, however, appreciate what snobbery exists today in the realms of the servants' hall. I was once visiting Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, when my valet came to me and asked if he could go to London by the morning train and get back in the afternoon.

I said to him, "Why do you want to go?"

He replied: "Oh, sir, as we are only stopping here a few days, I did not put in my evening suit, and last night, you being a foreigner, I found myself ranked above all the others and had to take precedence of those who were travelling with dukes, earls and viscounts. I outranked them all and took in the housekeeper to dinner. And my mortification was great when I noticed that every one of the men around the table was in evening clothes, and I alone was in my ordinary black suit. By the way, sir," he continued, "perhaps you, being an American, don't know that in the servants' hall the valets and maids are always called after their masters' and mistresses' names. They don't call them Lady So-and-so, but simply by the last name. Thus, Earl Cork's servant would be called 'Cork.' And in the servants' hall they are seated at the housekeeper's table in exactly the same grade and rank as that observed by their masters and mistresses upstairs."

FRONT DOOR NIGHT BELLS.

Doctors Are Not the Only Ones Who Have Use For Them.

At 1 o'clock in the morning a man who was looking for a doctor found a door plate on which he distinguished the words, "Night bell," and rang the bell. When the door opened and a figure appeared in the semidarkness of the hall he said:

"Hurry up, please. There is a sick woman at No. 132."

The man inside said "All right," and in a few seconds both men were racing down the street to No. 132. In the top floor front room lay a very sick woman. The newcomer pulled a small table to the bedside and took from his pocket a sheet of paper and a fountain pen.

"What on earth are you doing with that?" said the man who had summoned him. "You're a nice doctor, you are."

"Doctor?" echoed the man. "I'm not a doctor; I'm a lawyer. Didn't you read the sign, 'Lawyer's night bell?'"

"But what does a lawyer need of a night bell?" the other man asked.

"To enable the people who want to make wills in the dead of night to find him readily," was the reply.

"Once in a while I'm called up to straighten out more serious entanglements, but most of the legal papers I write after 10 p. m. are wills. A lot of people who take sick suddenly recollect that they have never made a will and they want to repair the omission while there is time. When you said there was a sick woman here I naturally thought of wills, not medicine. There is a doctor in the corner house."

MAIL POUCHES.

They Cost From a Few Cents to Thousands of Dollars Each.

Uncle Sam has twenty-eight different kinds of mail bags in service, and they range in cost from 22 cents to $2,156 each. There are mail pouches for almost every conceivable use, and you can ship almost anything that comes within the postal regulations with a minimum of loss and breakage, says Harper's Weekly. Probably the most peculiar mail bag is the one arranged for carrying bees. Sending bees by mail was a difficult operation before the "bee bag" was adopted. Usually the bees arrived at their destination dead or so exhausted that they were of little use. Now these little honey makers can be shipped by mail several thousand miles in the "bee bag" without suffering and can obtain air and a good supply of food during their transit.

Mail bags are made of various materials. The cheapest are of cotton and the most costly of leather. Those used on fast expresses are re-enforced with metal so that they can be flung from fast moving trains without damage. Even then these bags, or "catcher pouches," do not last much more than a year and a half, while some of the cotton bags used for the work will remain in service upward of ten years.

In parts of the west, where the mail must be carried for many miles on horseback, special pouches are in use for slinging over the animal's flanks. In the far frozen north special bags are made for sled transportation, and in the cities a bag in use for pneumatic tube service is made of a composition called "leatheroid." The ordinary cotton mail bags are woven so closely that they are practically waterproof, and in the weave there are thirteen stripes of blue. Each country marks its own mail pouches in some individual way, so that if one gets lost in a far country its ownership can be readily detected.

Nearly 65,000,000 mail bags are used each year by the whole country, and as they are being worn out all the time the supply has to be kept up. There are mail bag hospitals, where tens of thousands of them go every week. One such mail bag hospital repairs upward of 5,000 a day. Those crippled bags are in all sorts of dilapidated conditions. A railroad wreck may injure several hundreds or thousands, and these must all go to the hospital before entering active life again. Christmas is responsible for much damage to the mail bags, owing to the hard service they get, and immediately after the midwinter holiday season several hundred thousand bags go to the hospitals.

Mail bags are the most traveled of all articles in use today. They are constantly moving, and it would be impossible to estimate the number of miles a bag ten years old has traveled.

Up to Henry.

"You talked in your sleep last night, Henry."

"Did I, my dear? Wh-what did I say?"

"Henry, you are leading a double life."

"No, dear; don't—don't say that. I think I must have been having a bad dream if I said anything that seemed to indicate"—

"A bad dream! I should think you were having a bad dream. You kept yelling 'Robber!' 'Rotten!' 'Kill him!' 'Run it out, you lobster!' and a lot of other things that were just as absurd. I want you to confess now—fully and freely—and I promise you that if it is anything a good woman should forgive I will forgive you."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Made Napoleon Wait.

On the day when the courier brought news of the signature of the peace of Amiens, Talleyrand thrust the impatiently awaited document in his pocket, went to the emperor and engaged him in current affairs. When these were all disposed of he said: "Now I have good news for you. Read!"

"And you could not tell me this immediately?" exclaimed the astonished Napoleon.

"Certainly not, for then you would listen to nothing else."

Not Surprised.

"Funny thing about Boliver," said Wiggins.

"What's that?" asked Bjones.

"Why, they operated on him for appendicitis the other day, and, by ginger, when they came to look there wasn't anything there," said Wiggins.

"Well, I'm not surprised," said Bjones; "I never could see anything in Boliver myself."—Harper's Weekly.

Modern Childhood.

Grandmother—And now would you like me to tell you a story, dears? Advanced Child—Oh, no, granny; not a story, please! They're so stodgy and unconvincing and as out of date as tunes in music. We should much prefer an impressionist word picture or a subtle character sketch.—London Punch.

Funny, but Not Humorous.

"Who says there are no women humorists?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"My typewriter spells as funny as Artemus Ward in his palmiest days."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Inducement.

"John, whatever induced you to buy a house in this forsaken region?"

"One of the best real estate men in the business."—Life.

If the thief lacks opportunity be thinks himself honest.—Sterne.

ESKIMO FAMILY LIFE.

A Glimpse of the Home When White Guests Are Present.

The usual sights on entering an Eskimo habitation are: On the way opposite you a steamer-like berth covered with skins—the sleeping quarters of the family; underneath, or in front, sit one or two women, busily sewing; to the right, a man making hunting gear. Never will you find an Eskimo family idle. All occupants are naked to the waist, sometimes only covered with a loin cloth. Along the wall on either side burn several lamps. These lamps are shallow soapstone basins filled with the oil of the seal, whale or walrus; along the edge is placed a little ridge of moss, which answers the purpose of the wick in our lamps. The lamps do not smoke, and, besides illuminating, throw a great heat. Above the flame hangs a piece of blubber, to replenish the oil, also a tea kettle.

You are cordially invited to take off your things and stay awhile. This means disrobing to the same extent, for the air is foul and the temperature that of a Turkish bath. If you come during meal time, which is at any hour of the day, you are cordially invited to partake; you decline and no offense is given. If the meal consists of frozen fish, blubber or something they know the white man abhors, some joker will especially entreat you to join his dish and then there is a great laugh all around. The Eskimo loves to laugh, play practical jokes on his friends, respond in witticism, and is of a happy, childlike disposition. Treachery, stealing and lying are practically unknown among them, the two latter only since some of them have imitated the white man. I am not including the Siberian, Greenland or Labrador Eskimo.—Captain F. E. Kleinschmidt in Pacific Monthly.

ILLICIT DIAMOND BUYING.

Dodges the Traders Worked In Kimberley's Early Days.

There are as many stories of I. D. B. —i. e., illicit diamond buying—in South Africa as there were of smuggling in England a century ago. Louis Cohen tells of some of the dodges in his "Reminiscences" of Kimberley's early days. "Dogs were enlisted in the traffic and used as carriers. Often the poor animals were first kept without food until they were on the verge of starvation and then given lumps of meat containing diamonds, which they bolted. Safely arrived at Christiania, across the Vaal river, the faithful dumb friends of man were immediately rewarded for their services by having their stomachs ripped up and the imbedded baubles taken out. Horses, too, were utilized, being fed with balls of meat containing diamonds and driven across the river under the very noses of the police. Carrier pigeons were requisitioned to fly through the air with the greatest of ease laden with the brigands' booty. Hollowed heels inclosing diamonds sealed down with wax were also expedients employed with decided and profitable success."

One lady had an ingenious way of getting out of a scrape. She was cooking dinner when a Cape boy knocked at the door and sold a forty carat diamond to her husband. "It was a trap. A detective immediately rushed in to arrest the buyer, searched the house, but no diamond could be found. The good wife had placed it in the stuffing of a goose she was basting."

The Use of Esquire.

The recovery of a letter which had been sent to a little town in Germany and never delivered to the person addressed cured the writer of the custom of adding "esquire" to a name on the superscription of mail matter. The letter in question would probably have been promptly delivered had the address read simply "Mr. John Brown." But the sender had addressed it "John Brown Esquire," and the communication rested comfortably in the "E" compartment of the poste restante department, waiting to be called for by "Mr. Esquire." One of the popular guide books warns against the use of "Esq.," saying that it might be mistaken for a name.

Real Leghorns.

Little Willie was taken out into the country on a bright spring day. As he played with his sister in the farmyard a group of Leghorn chickens approached, led by a Leghorn rooster.

"Willie," said the little girl, "why are those chickens called Leghorns?"

"Look at their ankles," Willie replied. "Don't you see the little horns on them?"

Very Much Alike.

The late Frank Work once defined humorously the difference between a curbstone broker and a legitimate broker with a seat on the stock exchange.

"It is much the same difference," he said, "as the one between an alligator and a crocodile."—Buffalo Express.

Traditional.

Prison Visitor—To what do you attribute your downfall, my poor man? Convict—To procrastination. Prison Visitor—Ah, yes; procrastination is the thief of time. Convict—Exactly. I stole a watch.—New York Times.

Why, Indeed?

He—What would you say if I should kiss you? She—Why ask for a mere guess when you can so easily get the exact facts?—Boston Transcript.

The fine art of living is to draw from each person his best.—Whiting.

Encouragement.

"I tell you," said Dottypate, "I'm nobody's fool."

"Oh, well, never mind, Dotty, dear," said Miss Cynica. "Some day some nice girl will come along and take you."—Harper's Weekly.

Cause For Congratulation.

The Boss—Mr. Stubpen, when you came in this morning I detected a trace of liquor about your person. The Bookkeeper—That's fine, sir! Fine! That shows how much better your cold is, sir.—Puck.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Automobiles

I have secured the agency for Stoddard-Dayton cars for Elk and McKean counties. If you are thinking of buying an automobile, consult me. 30 different styles; any color desired. Prices range from $1200 to $[illegible]. [illegible] buyers.

J. W. WITTMAN, Jr.,
Agent.
ST. MARYS, Elk County, PENNA.

Ladies! Save Money and Keep in Style by Reading McCall's Magazine and Using McCall Patterns

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

McCall's Magazine will help you dress stylishly at a moderate expense by keeping you posted on the latest fashions in clothes and hats. 50 New Fashion Designs in each issue. Also valuable information on all home and personal matters. Only 50c a year, including a free pattern. Subscribe today or send for free sample copy.

McCall Patterns will enable you to make in your own home, with your own hands, clothing for yourself and children which will be perfect in style and fit. Price—none higher than 15 cents. Send for free Pattern Catalogue.

We Will Give You Fine Presents for getting subscriptions among your friends. Send for free Premium Catalogue and Cash Prize Offer.

THE McCALL COMPANY, 239 to 249 West 37th St., NEW YORK

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes, I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Treasurer.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

H. W. RUBIN.

Smethport, Pa., July 11, 1911.

County Commissioner.

Custer City, Bradford Township, July 5, 1911:—Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for county commissioner on the Republican ticket, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries on September 30.

L. M. SIGGINS.

Editor McKean Miner: Kindly announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters, at the primaries to be held Saturday, Sept. 30, 1911.

A. R. ANDERSON.

Clermont, Pa., July 8th, 1911.

District Attorney.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of district attorney of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held on Sept. 30 next.

THOMAS B. WILSON.

Bradford, Pa., July 1, 1911.

Coroner.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Coroner of McKean county, subject to the decision of Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next

E. R. SHERMAN.

Bradford, Pa., July 10, 1911.

Editor Miner: Please announce that I am a candidate for Coroner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republicans at the primaries to be held September 30, 1911.

A. N. HEARD.

Bradford, Pa., July 10, 1911.

Smethport, Thursday, July 13, 1911.

Twelve persons were killed outright and of the 47 others whose injuries were reported, a number have been fatally hurt, in a terrible wreck that smashed the Federal express, running from Washington to Boston, into kindlings, at Bridgeport, early Tuesday morning. In an official statement the New York, New Haven & Hartford allied company places the blame for the catastrophe, with its attendant loss of life and a train valued at tens of thousands of dollars, upon A. M. Curtis, the engineer who was instantly killed.

A. M. Marsh, one of the present county commissioners, is a candidate for re-election on the Republican ticket. The Republican voters of this county can make no more grave mistake than to nominate Mr. Marsh for his important office. During his incumbency in this office he has conducted himself in such a way that he has lost what confidence the people may have had in him and to place him on the Republican ticket this fall would not only mean the loss of one Republican county commissioner, but would endanger the success of the rest of the ticket.

A. N. Heard of Bradford announces n this issue that he is a candidate or coroner of McKean county, subect to the usages of the Republican arty. Mr. Heard is a veteran of the ivil war and is well known to nearly very voter in the county, he havg held several offices of trust in the ast half century, and everyone knows im to be an able, honest and concientious man who would perform e duties of coroner satisfactorily to verybody. He has been humane ofcer for the county for a good many ears and has accomplished a great eal of good work in the interest of umanity. Mr. Heard's many friends this county will boost his candidy from now until the polls close d we expect to hear a good account their work.

H. W. Rubin, in this issue of The iner, announces his candidacy to e office of county treasurer, subct to the decision of the Republican imaries to be held on Saturday, eptember 30. Mr. Rubin is too ell known in this section of the unty to need any introduction, but r the benefit of the voters in distant rts of the county who may not ow him so well we will say that has been a resident of Smethport r upwards of twenty-five years and at during that time he has always oved himself to be an honest, upright, conscientious, enterprising business man whose word is as good as his bond. He has always been engaged in the mercantile business here and is ranked as one of our best citizens, ever ready to use his best efforts in upbuilding this town and the county in general. He has held various local offices of trust with credit to himself and the community. Only once has he asked for a county office and that was three years ago when he entered the race for county treasurer. He made such a good showing then, being second in a large field, that he has decided to try again, and his many friends are confident that he will poll a larger vote this fall than he did before for the simple reason that he is better known.

Albert R. Anderson of Clermont announces in this issue that he is a candidate for county commissioner, subject to the usages of the Republican party. Mr. Anderson is at present one of the efficient board of county auditors and secretary of the board of education of Sergeant township, he having held the latter position for a number of years. He is a bright, intelligent, companionable and able young man, fully fitted for the office to which he aspires, and a man who makes friends readily and holds them more firmly as they become better acquainted with him. He is a man of good, sound common sense and possesses all the qualifications which would make a good county commissioner and the voters will make no mistake in choosing him for this office. His many friends in all parts of the county feel sure that he will make successful runs at the primaries and at the polls this fall.

Comrade E. R. Sherman, who is well known to nearly every person in McKean county, announces his candidacy for re-nomination and re-election to the office of Coroner, subject to the usages of the Republican party. In speaking of our old friend's candidacy the Bradford Era says: Mr. Sherman has long been serving the people of the county as coroner and has made a most excellent record as an investigator of fatalities requiring official inquiry. During his incumbency of the office he has conducted a great number of inquisitions, returning in each case conclusions based upon the known facts. In the majority of cases he has made inquiries personally, without putting the county to extra expense by calling juries. And the coroner has made it a practice to pay the fees due to the jurors just as soon as verdicts have been rendered. This has saved long waits on the part of the jurors (as formerly was the case) for their fees. The county, of course, reimburses Mr. Sherman for this outlay later on and the method has been approved by all who have given time to coroner's inquests as jurors. Mr. Sherman is so well known to the people of McKean county that it is quite unnecessary to devote much space in giving him a formal introduction. He has been a resident here since the early oil days and has always been active in the affairs of the community. He is a veteran soldier and prominent in G. A. R. circles. He is treasurer of the Memorial Home at Brookville, Pa., and holds other positions of trust. He is president of the Bradford poor board and devotes much time to the affairs of the poor district. He is a Republican of the old school—a Republican who voted for Lincoln and who believes in Lincoln principles.

THE BLISTER BEETLE.

There are several species of insects commonly known as Blister Beetles which are similar in form and habits, and differ chiefly in color. They generally come in great numbers about midsummer, and attack vegetation of various kinds, the chief of which is the white or Irish potato. They have been injurious to potatoes ever since the first planting of that useful vegetable, and for that reason are called the Old-fashioned potato bug.

The proprietor of a department store in the central part of Pennsylvania has a farm on which he has started a field of alfalfa. He found some of these blister beetles recently devouring his young alfalfa, and sent specimens to State Zoologist H. A. Surface at Harrisburg, who replied as follows:

"The beetle which you sent to us is a Blister beetle or Old-fashioned potato bug. It has been reported to us several times recently as injuring alfalfa. They are poisoned only slowly, and can be killed by spraying with one ounce of arsenate of lead in each gallon of water. Of course, a person hesitates to use this on his forage crop.

"I believe that the best manner of getting rid of them is to make up a bundle of switches, so as to hold one such bundle in each hand, and whip them out of the field or vines, or you can place bundles of straw here and there and easily whip them into the straw, and then set fire to them. They are peculiar in the fact that they can be driven, and when sufficiently severely treated, they will leave the place where they have had rough treatment. They often destroy potatoes, and there they can be better overcome by bundles of straw between the vines in the rows, and whipping them into this, and setting fire to it. The survivors will depart for other regions.

"These insects are sometimes called Blister beetles for the reason that when crushed upon one's skin, as upon the hands or arms they will produce blisters. The larva live in the soil and feed upon small insects and other organisms there, and are beneficial. There are several species of adults, which are liable to feed upon the foliage of several kinds of vegetation."

FARMERS VALLEY ITEMS.

County Auditor A. R. Cory and Tax Collector A. G. Farley visited Bradford Friday, returning Saturday.

Gilbert Moody of Moody Hollow was badly injured about the head one day last week, by a runaway. He went to Eldred for medical treatment. His many friends wish him a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Deuello Acre of Olean are visiting at the home of Fred Digel, and other Valley friends.

Sandford Provin, who has been quite ill, went to Buffalo June first for medical treatment, accompanied by Rev. Summersgill. We have not yet learned the result of his visit.

The Rev. Lillie McIntyre and family of Janesville, Wis., are here visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Cory of Coryville. They were seen driving out Sunday and made a short call on Valley friends. The children are Mazie, Paul and Lee, Jr. Mazie is a sweet and winsome young lady who has been living at Bradford with her grandparents and attending school there. Master Paul is quite an expert with the violin and Baby Lee, Jr., is also a bright little lad. I believe they expect to remain here till September.

Mrs. M. A. Caldwell returned home July first from an extended visit with her children at Salamanca and Hamburg, N. Y. She was here to attend the Grange picnic at Coryville and also the 4th at Eldred.

Framers Valley was well represented in Eldred the 4th. Music was fine. Prof. Elliott led the Coleville band. James Quirk of Smethport played in the Eldred band. All did exceedingly well and considering the hot weather the sports and games were well carried out.

Miss Mabel Galpine visited at the home of Fred Digel over Sunday.

MOW AND BURN STRAWBERRY LEAVES NOW.

Now that the strawberry crop has been gathered is the proper time for mowing the leaves of the plants as low as possible with a sythe or mower, and letting them cure quickly, then raking them together with the rows and burning them. Straw should be added if necessary to make enough fuel to burn the leaves. This is the common method of the most practical strawberry growers in suppressing insect pests and plant diseases, and renewing the old strawberry rows or beds, which should also be properly cultivated and hoed. It is for this reason that State Zoologist H. A. Surface replied, from Harrisburg, to one of the instructors in the Pennsylvania School of Horticulture for Women saying:

"The best method of getting rid of the leaf cutler on strawberries is to mow the leaves now, which is just after the harvset, and burn them as soon as possible. Some persons throw a little straw between the vines, and mow the leaves, rake them on to the straw and burn them. This gets rid of both plant disease germs and insects, and I recommend it as proper. It is practiced by some of our best berry growers."

FOR LICE ON POULTRY.

From a poultryman in Chester, Pa., State Zoologist H. A. Surface received at Harrisburg a letter, stating that his poultry is infested with lice of different kinds, and asked what to do to destroy them. The reply was as follows:

"There are two distinct groups of chicken lice, the little red ones which are mostly on the fowls at night, and remain during the day on perches or in the nests, or elsewhere in the poultry house, or near their roosting places; and, second, those which remain on the fowls practically all the time. These are generally larger, and gray in color.

"For the former, the best thing to do is to spray the poultry house thoroughly with kerosene or kerosene emulsion, or strong lime-sulfur solution, or strong soap solution, or perhaps best of all a five per cent. kerosene solution. One part creolin in twenty parts of water will destroy everyone it touches, and will act as a fungicide to destroy disease germs, as well as destroying the lice. At the same time, change the straw in the nests, burning the old straw, and spray or wash the empty nest boxes.

"For the lice on the fowls, you should dust them with a mixture of flowers of sulfur, hellebore, tobacco dust, and pyrethrum, about equal parts, holding the fowls by the feet head downward, and rub this dust well into the feathers. I think you can obtain some literature on this subject from the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C."

The Demon Hurry.

Time has been saved, almost annihilated, by steam and electricity, yet where is the leisure? The more time we save the less we have. The hurry of the machine passes into the man. We can outrun the wind and the storm, but we cannot outrun the demon of Hurry.—John Burroughs.

Notice.

The Barber Shops will close Tuesday and Thursday evenings at half past six during July and August, beginning July 11.

For Sale.

A pure bred Holstein yearling bull. Best of breeding. First class individual.

WM. A. WILLSON,
Jun29-tf Colegrove, Pa.

Better Send for Our July List Right Now—TO-DAY.

Our July List

Will be off the press this week. It describes hundreds of money-making propositions, farms, oil properties, timber lands, village properties, city properties, stores, hotels, and business propositions. Yours for a 2-cent stamp.

Herrick Agency
OLEAN, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

IT WAS FAR BEYOND OUR EXPECTATIONS——OUR SALVAGE SALE.

"If we were to tell you the number of people we waited upon, the amount of goods we disposed of last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, you might say we were boasting. But we had fifty sales people to wait on the trade and then had to close our doors to keep the people out, so we could straighten up our stock. This speaks for itself. Every customer was so well pleased with their purchases that they told some one else. So instead of our business falling off after the first day, it kept increasing from day to day until it was impossible to take care of every one who desired to take advantage of our wonderful bargains. We are now better equipped to handle our customers, and we will be able to wait on you in the proper manner. We have put on sale a great many suits, overcoats and raincoats that are damaged. Some with the linings burned, others that were wet, etc. These goods can be easily repaired so they will be just as good as new, and they will be sold at such low prices that we feel we are almost giving them away. People that work will find these goods just what they want for working clothes. Our store will be open evenings, to accomodate those that can't come during the day. I remain, very respectfully,

IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House
52 54 Main Street
Bradford, Pa.

H. W. RUBIN
John B. Stetson
Soft and Stiff Hats
$3.50 to $5.00
at
H. W. RUBIN'S

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

STYLE
COMFORT

THE LAST THAT LASTS.

That's just to catch your eye. As a matter of fact the shoes we sell to men are made over lasts that are not only stylish, but afford a whole lot of comfort as well. If you are of the unbelieving kind, the one thing we ask—the only thing we ask—is a "try on" of our Just Wright shoes for Sunday wear.

ANDERSON & CARLSON,
The Shoe Men.
Smethport. Pa.

PHONE 7 BROWNELL'S PHONE 7

We have just received a fresh shipment of Faxon, Williams & Faxon's cookies. Come in and try them. Once Faxons' goods, always Faxon's goods.

From now on, throughout the summer and early fall we will have fresh green goods. Take a look at them and be convinced.

F. W. BROWNELL
You get Better Values Here

AUTOMOBILE TIRE REPAIRING

in all its branches, done on short notice and at reasonable prices. (All work guaranteed)

Smethport Inner Tubes
are guaranteed to give satisfaction, SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

——Write us for Prices——

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

SECOND WEEK OF OUR CLEARANCE SALE

We begin our Second Week of this feast of Bargains. Profit is Entirely forgotten. Come look through our Store you will be surprised at the price reduction

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

Open every evening until 8 o'clock
Saturdays until 10 P. M.

COMPETITION

We have no competition in the paint and varnish business, if e consider quality. Devoe lead & Zinc paint is strictly pure ıd positively guaranteed and subject to chemical analysis. We ld Devoe lead and zinc paint in Smethport in 1909 and 29 houses ainted Devoe last year, 12 houses so far this season. We can give u a list of houses pointed Devoe. You can go and see them, mpare them with houses painted with cheap paint. Devoe paint pure paint. It is not in the same class with the cheap, lime me, whitey and benzine paints.

We make you this proposition. Paint half your house with evoe pure lead and zinc paint. Paint the other half with any old eap paint or the best paint you can buy. If the half painted evoe does not cost less and look better now or any time in 3 to 5 rs Devoe will not cost you a cent. Ask the other fellow to nish paint on the same basis and see him back up.

DALY & GARLICK

Hardware and Plumbing

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

TWO DAY EXCURSION

$2.25 TO BUFFALO

AND RETURN

$2.50 TO NIAGARA FALLS

AND RETURN

FROM SMETHPORT JULY 25, 1911

Tickets good going only on train leaving 8:22 A. M. Good returning on all regular trains leaving Niagara Falls and Buffalo, July 25 or 26. Baggage will not be checked on these tickets. Tickets will not be accepted for passage in Pullman Parlor or Sleeping Cars.

Children between 5 and 12 years of age half fare.

cKean County Miner

d at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

hport, Thursday, July 13, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

new cement crosswalk is being the corner of King and Church

rs. C. C. Choate entertained the Whist Club last Saturday af- n.

ork on the extension of the port Rubber Works is progress- sly.

s Rachel Mayo is confined to he on West Main street with ous breakdown.

s. L. D. Gifford entertained the v Cousins" at her home on eet yesterday.

s. J. C. Backus entertained the ton Club at the cottage of ooton at Frog Camp Tuesday.

sixth annual reunion of the h family will be held at Bort- otter county, on August 2nd. , m. till 6 p. m.

W. Rubin is having his store d the front of his building by the McKean County Fair ion re-painted.

Rita Gorton has so far re- from her recent illness as to be out which is pleasing r many friends.

'askey, who drove a pick hrough his right foot one ek, is improving and is walk about town.

lville Gillett, who has ll at her home on West is improving. Her many for her speedy recovery.

se Whist Club was en- Mrs. Robert Hamilton at her mother, Mrs. Kate emetery street, yesterday

noving pictures of the fu- speak, sing and do all sorts gly impossible things. Edi- so and he is perfecting de- ake his prophecy hold good.

ten young men have a the Sartwell farm on the ide of town, in which they their nights during the

aw mill of Holmes & Gilfil- chanic street was started There is only a small lot of logs to be converted into lumber this year.

—H. W. Roeder of Farmers Valley has had his house shingled and painted outside and inside, and now has one of the most handsome residences in the Valley.

—F. J. Silfies of Clermont requests us to thank his many friends and neighbors who showed his family so many kindnesses during the illness and after the death of his wife.

—The borough authorities are watching for automobile and motorcycle speeders, of which there are several, and all persons will be dealt with rigorously who violate the speed laws.

—It is strange that the young boys of this place have not organized a troop of Boy Scouts. Nearly all the nearby towns have such an organization, and it is a splendid school for the youngsters. Start it, boys.

—The Boy Scouts of Port Allegany marched to Shinglehouse on Monday July 3, spent the Fourth in that place and marched home the following day. They were 25 in number and made a big hit in the parade and had a good time.

—Billy Sunday, who has been conducting revival meetings in Erie for the past two months has collected over $11,500 and made over 5,300 converts, all of which goes to show that talk is not cheap nor wasted in his case.

—Mrs. F. H. Hungiville met with a painful accident one day last week. She fell and tore the ligaments of her right thumb loose near the wrist. Her many friends regret that this accident will incapacitate that hand for some time.

—Things are pretty lively at Norwich at the present time. Forty houses are in course of erection near the site of the new stave mill and a great many men are being employed in that locality.

—Mrs. H. Hockenberry and Miss Ruth Walker entertained a number of friends Tuesday afternoon at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Walker, in honor of Miss Steele of Columbus, Ohio, who is their guest.

—All the members of the Protected Home Circle who expect to attend the picnic which is to be held at Riverhurst July 26 are requested to be present at our next regular meeting July 18, to report, so the necessary arrangements can be made.

—George Howard of Crosby has purchased of S. J. Gifford the property on the corner of Mechanic and Bank streets, consideration $2,500. This is certainly a beautiful location and we hope to soon welcome Mr. Howard and family to our midst.

—Donato Maghionai, an Italian section hand, working on the Erie tracks at Allegany, was struck and badly injured by Erie train No. 7, on Tuesday, says an Olean dispatch. The man was later put upon the train and taken to the hospital at Salamanca. Upon examination it was found that his skull had been fractured and the right arm and right shoulder blade had been broken. He was otherwise badly hurt.

—A White steamer automobile belonging to Bennett Nusbaum was destroed by fire early last evening. The machine was worth about $2,500. It was partly insured. Mr. Nusbaum and his son, Mose Nusbaum, had driven out to the Nusbaum chemical works, where they remained for about an hour. Just after the start on the return trip there was a burst of flame that soon enveloped the auto and destroyed it.

—John J. Mundy, formerly editor of the Coudersport Democrat and later connected with newspapers at Ashtabula, O., and Erie, Pa., arrived in Bradford last evening. He will be "on the job" during the absence of one of the members of The Era staff on a vacation trip. Mr Mundy was in charge of the Erie Dispatch's elaborate and graphic accounts of Billy Sunday's Erie revival, which closed last Sunday.—Bradford Era.

—Two new counterfeits have been found in circulation by the secret service. One is a $20 gold certificate. It is lithographed on good paper. The silk fibre has been imitated by ink lines. The portrait of George Washington shows defects on close inspection. The other, a $10 United States note bearing the portraits of Lewis and Clark, has good color, but is too heavily printed. The seal is larger than the genuine.

—Judge Bouton desires the fact to be made known, says Tuesday morning's Era, that the transfer of a hotel license is a local matter and it does not include the collection of any bills that any of the parties in a hotel deal may owe. The collection of bills is accomplished by a process of law having nothing to do with the transfer of licenses. This decision has been made effective by an order of the court given out yesterday and attorneys and others interested are expected to bear the fact in mind.

—While the workmen employed in making repairs on the building recently purchased by the Knox five and ten cent store syndicate in Jamestown, were excavating under the sidewalk they found the skeleton of a man. The skull was well preserved but the other bones were soft and crumbled easily when touched. How the remains of this man came to be buried at this place is not known, but it is believed that the bones were those of an Indian who was buried at this spot before there was a settlement in Jamestown.

—Mrs. F. J. Silfies, of Clermont died at the Ridgway hospital on Monday, July 3, after undergoing an operation at that institution. Her remains were brought to Clermont and the funeral services were held at the Union church at 10 o'clock last Thursday morning. Her remains were laid at rest in the Clermont cemetery. She is survived by a loving husband and three children who mourn the loss of a kind, loving and devoted wife and mother, and her death is also mourned by a large circle of friends and neighbors.

—Dave Dennison in his Era Random Notes says: The ground is so hot over near Smethport that strange things are happening. At least we are so informed by a veracious subscriber. He says that potatoes are being baked, underground, by solar heat and that they are much more desirable as articles of food than potatoes baked in stoves. Hens in that section have had queer experiences, too, owing to the heat. Eggs laid, carelessly, in unshaded places, have been "soft boiled" and prepared for the table in a most unexpected manner.

—City Solicitor Schoonmaker has been advised of a decision of the state supreme court, affirming the court of McKean county in the suit of William Boviard, Jr., to recover the sum of $2,400 and interest, amounting in all to about $2,700. While Mr. Boviard was serving as city treasurer, the councils repealed an ordinance which allowed that official clerk hire of $600 per year. Mr. Boviard brought suit to recover the annual allowance for the three years remaining of his term of office. The McKean county court decided against the plaintiff, and now the supreme court has affirmed that decision.—Bradford Star-Record.

—Frank Macri, arrested for slashing two young Italian women of North street in Black Hand style, was given a hearing before Alderman Williams Saturday morning. Alfonza Michelizio, one of the young women, appeared against the prisoner and gave her evidence. Mrs. John Madura was unable to appear owing to her weakened condition. The alderman placed Macri under $1,000 bail for his appearance at the next term of criminal court. Another charge of assault with intent to kill will be made against the prisoner as soon as Mrs. Madura is able to be out. The man was positively identified as the assailant by Miss Michelizio.—Bradford Era.

—Howard Page, 14 years old, son of Frank Page, a well known railroad man, was drowned in the Allegheny river at a swimming hole near East Olean, last Friday afternoon at about 4 o'clock. The boy was wading in the stream when he came to the deep hole and dropped down into the water. He could not swim and lost his life. The body was subsequently recovered. Frank Page is well known along the Bradford branch of the Pennsylvania road, having formerly been a conductor on a train running between Olean and Bradford. Only a short time ago Mr. Page's brother, a W. N. Y. & P. traction motorman, dropped dead while at his work.

—Captain Kidd of pirate fame was an honest hearted, elderly man and the victim of "wild misrepresentation," according to Sir Cornelius Neal Dalton, of Cambridge, Mass., who sets forth his views in his new book, "The Real Captain Kidd: a Vindication." "A typical sea captain of his day," writes Dalton, "he was induced against his better judgment to embark on an impossible enterprise which after the manner of his kind he doggedly tried to carry through. For two centuries he has ignominiously hung in chains and has ever since been held up to execration as an arch pirate. It would be difficult to conceive any grosser misrepresentations of the poor man's doings."

—Charles Edwards, aged 40 years, was overcome by gas while working in one of the dug oil wells of the Vacuum Oil Co., at Olean, last Friday. Mr. Edwards was on a ladder, about half way down the well when overcome by the gas fumes and he fell to the bottom, head first, into a couple of feet of crude oil. As speedily as possible he was brought to the surface, but life was extinct. Edwards had for a companion, a fellow workman, who was also partially overcome by the gas, but not sufficiently so that his condition was serious. In this locality oil is found at a depth of only a few feet and wells are dug in much the same way as the old fashioned water wells.

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Advertise in The Miner.

SATURDAY
JULY 15TH
IS THE
LAST DAY
OF MONHEIMER'S
1-2 PRICE
SALE OF SUITS

Buy a suit NOW and save from $5.00 to $10.00 on the regular price of a suit.

MONHEIMER'S
THE WORKING MAN'S STORE

Ladies Home Journal Patterns — Cluett Shirts

FRY & COMES

REMNANTS

Rrmnants of eveoy description have been gathered up and priced for a quick clearance on Friday and Saturday this week.

There's a multitude of bargains in short ends and small lots marked at figures about half of usual value.

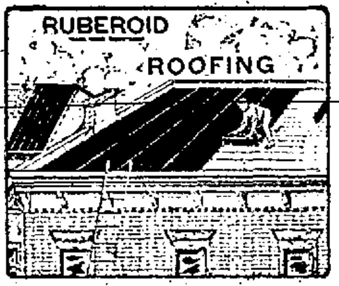
Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Ginghams, Percales, Prints, Galateas, Lawns, Batistes—Wool dress goods, Silks, Trimmings, Linings, etc. Small lots of Hosiery, Neckwear, Corsets, Belts, Gloves, Neckwear, Shirtwaists, Dresses, Mens' Shirts, Neckwear and Collars.

Look them over.—It will pay you well.

FRY & COMES

Smethport - - - - - Penna.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Read! Important!

SPECHT & SASSE CREDIT-CONTRACT PLAN

What we can do and how we can do it, is now before us. First we will explain what we can do. Say we use a person 35 years of age for an example. He pays to us $3.50. He is then entitled to a $100.00 benefit. He pays $3.50 each year for ten consecutive years or pays $3.50 ten times, which will amount to $35.00. He is then paid up for life and never pays any more, but is entitled to his $100.00 benefit at any age. If we cannot furnish the $100 benefit we guarantee to refund every dollar paid on the contract, that is if he had paid $35.00 on his contract we would refund the $35.00. So you see you cannot lose in this deal. He would either make $65.00 or get back what he paid in.

We further agree to loan 50 per cent of what you pay in, that is, if you had paid in $35.00 we would loan you $17.50 on your contract and at the same time you are still beneficial. You are also allowed to transfer all the money you have paid on a contract on the burial expenses of a relative providing said expenses are contracted with SPECHT & SASSE, and that the said relative is entitled to a 15 per cent discount. Let me ask you one question here HOW CAN YOU LOSE?

A SERIOUS DISPUTE
about the difference in pure and unadulterated wines, liquors, etc., would reveal to you the healthfulness and life-giving principles of the pure juice of the grape or pure whiskey unalloyed with deleterious liquids. That is the kind that we insist upon keeping. The kind that makes your blood tingle with health and digestion; and puts new life in the old and feeeble.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
Wholesale Liquors.

JOINING THE ARMY

Opportunities That Are Open to the Enlisted Man.

HIS PAY AND HIS PROSPECTS.

Even as a Private He Can Run His Salary Up to $35 a Month and as a "Noncom" He Can Double That and In Time Retire Rich and Pensioned

There are many opportunities open to the man who enlists in the United States army and wears the uniform of Uncle Sam with [illegible] and [illegible]. The pay is [illegible] and the [illegible] numerous. It is [illegible] the individual [illegible] himself to [illegible] and to take advantage [illegible] situation.

Writing in the Columbian Magazine on army [illegible] Edward [illegible] in discussing the status of the [illegible] man says

Summarized this is what a man who thinks of enlisting for his Uncle Samuel as an enlisted man has to consider

On first enlistment the soldier for [illegible] get $[illegible] a month [illegible] and [illegible] clothing [illegible] the government. If he qualifies as marksman he adds [illegible] his pay. If [illegible] sharp [illegible] In addition if [illegible] full third more. Thus [illegible] $20 monthly cash [illegible] he is able and keeps busy.

[illegible] $21 [illegible] start [illegible] with the [illegible] pay [illegible] the [illegible] first class privates get $[illegible] second class privates get [illegible]

[illegible] every [illegible] is allowed [illegible] and [illegible] twice annually. At [illegible] which is [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] necessities of and [illegible]

[illegible] charges [illegible] taken from [illegible] the [illegible] mandants and [illegible] posts [illegible] districts [illegible] regimental sergeant [illegible] gets $[illegible] a month when he is appointed and $[illegible] per month each time he reenlists [illegible] commissary sergeants [illegible] quartermasters sergeants and the [illegible] battalion sergeants [illegible] get the same [illegible] Each company has a first [illegible] raise [illegible] $[illegible] cents [illegible] sergeants [illegible] corporal at $15 with [illegible] enlistments [illegible] have [illegible] and [illegible] thirty years [illegible] to [illegible] entitled [illegible] ranging [illegible] quarters of his [illegible] dollars monthly as [illegible] to retire [illegible] every year [illegible] United States [illegible] A man [illegible] retire on his half pay

[illegible] the noncoms and the other enlisted men are given a whole [illegible] medical [illegible] provided at [illegible] posts [illegible] trade schools [illegible] may be [illegible] blacksmithing [illegible] are taught [illegible] well [illegible] army [illegible]

[illegible] which [illegible] life does not offer to the enlisted man. But that [illegible] thing is here.

In its [illegible] indeed the life of the enlisted man now offers more inducements than the life of the West Pointer. [illegible] is [illegible] small after his expenses and the [illegible] make to get commissioned are considered and furthermore the noncommissioned officer is not so subject to political influences as the West Pointer who gives him his commands

Oysters as Rat Traps

Catching rats with oyster shells is the unique method employed by some pearlers round about Broome Western Australia. They leave a large oyster on the floor of the cabin at night. It opens for a breath of fresh air and the smell of fresh meat attracts the rats. When the rodent thinks he'll try a little supper the oyster suddenly decides that he doesn't like fresh air. Next morning the shell is pried open [illegible] dead rat thrown overboard

We [illegible] is [illegible] [illegible] Goethe

OLD NEW ENGLAND WAYS.

Curfew Still Rings, and District Schools Still Flourish

Everywhere even in the midst of the most flourishing and progressive cities and towns there are examples of the work and evidences of the lives of the fathers—old houses rows of stately elm trees old business buildings with their queer gable ends to the street—while ever and anon there are still to be encountered men who adhere to the dress and fashion of the current two or three generations [illegible]

There are everywhere reminders of the glory that was. There are many households that are conducted almost as in the colonial times. Supper is yet the evening meal throughout rural New England and in a goodly proportion of the city homes as well and it is not only supper in name, but the same foods are served in the same manner

What are called primitive customs survive. The curfew rings from many church steeples though leniency is practiced with respect to the ordering of lights out at the same time. The district school exists everywhere in the more remote and smaller sections. The town academy has not wholly surrendered to the modern high school. A majority of the farms are still worked as great grandfather worked his though this is cited solely as a pictorial element of charm not as an industrial fact [illegible]

The New England style of architecture gives way [illegible] modern conceptions with stubborn slowness. Most of the country churches are red lent [illegible] and [illegible] from the pulpits often serve to strengthen the illusion. The old fashioned gentlemen and ladies are present at every church service and at every village function. We cling to the [illegible] and the habits of the past and by so doing we exasperate the more progressive among our young [illegible] Boston Chamber of Commerce [illegible]

A RISE IN MUTTON.

Only the Leg Went Up and Then There Came a Drop

[illegible] the [illegible] at the [illegible] a [illegible] was required a real [illegible] of mutton every night. This according to the law of property or [illegible] the property man's law went after the [illegible] the almost mutton lied to the [illegible] meet. But the [illegible] perched up aloft did not [illegible] for they too had wives and families to whom a [illegible] leg of mutton would have been a thing to be remembered

So they hit upon a plan and one night William Farren who had the carving of the joint was asked to fix a hook that would be let down from the flies into the mutton and leave the rest to them. Farren always ready for a practical joke consented and as the scene was coming to [illegible] [illegible] of the hook into the leg of mutton. As scene shifters were preparing to [illegible] and the property man [illegible] the wings ready to seize on his [illegible] the leg of mutton was seen slowly to ascend

The audience laughed. Henry Compton who was watching the maneuver laughed too and the employees all gave vent to their feelings in ill suppressed merriment all except the property man who remained unaware [illegible] gazed at the fast departing supper with a [illegible] countenance. Suddenly as the scene was almost closed in the hook which Farren had unfortunately fixed only in the fat gave way and down came the coveted mutton with a terrific splash upon the dish

The audience now roared the employees roared both Farren and Compton roared and as the flats hid the unrehearsed tableau from view the now delighted property man rushed upon the stage and secured his ill treated supper —London Family Herald

Byron's Three Great Men of Europe

Lord Byron said that Europe saw three great men in the early part of the nineteenth century. But no one now in the early part of the twentieth century could guess at the names of more than one of the three. It may be that Lord Byron was joking but it is quite possible that he was serious when he named the curious trio

Third in his little list he placed himself the second person was Napoleon Bonaparte and the first and foremost was George Bryan Brummel, Beau Brummel king of the beaux, "an Le Roi de Calais." —From Jerrold's "Beaux and Dandies."

Making It Worse

Willie had just received a severe spanking. "Now sir," said his father "you go straight over into the corner there and sit down"

A semihumorous thought struck Willie. He stopped howling and a sheepish grin overspread his face. "Gee pa," he remarked "isn't that sorter rubbin it in?"—Exchange

St Valentine

The 14th of February is a day sacred to St. Valentine. It was a very odd notion alluded to by Shakespeare that on this day birds begin to couple. Hence perhaps arose the custom of sending on this day letters containing professions of love and affection —Noah Webster

He's Still Doing

"What does your father do for a living, my son?" asked the kind old lady

"Time just now," replied the youngster "but he used to do everybody"—New York Times

GOLF IN THE SOUTH.

The Game Was Played In Charleston as Early as 1788

Golf was played in Charleston as far back as 1788. In the City Gazette or Daily Advertiser of Sept 27 1791 appears the following notice

Anniversary of the South Carolina Golf club will be held at Williams coffee house on Thursday 29th inst, when members are requested to attend at 2 o'clock precisely that the business of the club may be transacted before dinner

For several years following may be found calls for the anniversary meetings to be held at the clubhouse on Harleston's green a tract of land south of Boundary (now Calhoun) street between the present Coming and Rutledge streets

The fact that it was the anniversary meeting in 1791 would show that the club had been organized before that date but unfortunately the file of newspapers in the Charleston library is not complete for some years just prior and one finds no earlier notices of meetings or mention of the club. But in the same journal of Sept 18 1788 there is an advertisement of an auction sale of a farm on Charleston Neck between three and four miles from the city adjoining Cochran's shipyard bounding in part on Shipyard creek which after describing the different items of property included in the sale states that "there is lately erected that pleasing and genteel amusement the golf green." This certainly indicates that golf was one of the [illegible] of that day

The word "golf" (English Dutch) [illegible] walk [illegible] and golf according to the [illegible] Bettmaker is derived from the Dutch [illegible] club and the game is doubtless of Dutch origin and introduced into Scotland about 1450 —Charleston News and Courier

RIGHT ON THE JOB.

He Didn't Believe In Letting the Place Seek the Man

A little story of success starting with [illegible] of what [illegible] the Business and the Bookkeeper. A Milwaukee [illegible] at [illegible] in [illegible] wealth [illegible] have [illegible] [illegible] what [illegible] was [illegible] in [illegible] advertisement [illegible] instructed [illegible] his reply in a large red envelope that could be seen and recognized at a distance. He was in the newspaper office early the following morning. In one of the boxes in which replies to advertisements were kept he saw his red envelope. He waited three hours until the letter in that box was given to a man calling for them. He followed the man to a west side factory. As the messenger laid the bunch of letters on the manager's desk the job hunter was standing by it

"I'm ready to go to work," he said. The manager's reply was not elegant but in addition to being exclamatory it was interrogatory. "How did he manage to present himself on the scene?" The young man in need of the job pointed to his red envelope. The manager looked at it and looked at him. Then he turned to the messenger. "Find out who this young fellow is and put him to work," he said

Discretion the Better Part

Mr Callihan had received a long tongue lashing from Mr Hennessy and his friends were urging on him the wisdom of vindicating his honor with his fists

"But he's more than me equal," said Mr Callihan dubiously "and look at the size of him"

"Sure an you don't want folks to be sayin' 'Terry Callihan is a coward,'" demanded a reproachful friend

"Well I dunno," and Mr Callihan gazed mournfully about him "I'd rather that to 'ave 'em sayin' day after tomorrow 'How natural Terry looks!'"—Metropolitan Magazine

How a Hindu Uses Clocks

The Hindu places a clock in his showrooms not because he ever desires to know what the hour is but because a clock is a foreign curiosity. Instead therefore of contenting himself with one good clock he will perhaps have a dozen in one room. They are signs of his wealth but they do not add to his comfort for he is so indifferent to time that he measures it by the number of bamboo lengths the sun has traveled above the horizon

Too Many Numbers

"You have forgotten your name," said the kind policeman

"Yes," said the victim of aphasia. "You see I overtaxed my memory trying to remember my name and my house number and my telephone number and my automobile number and the number of my dog's license all at once"—Washington Star

He Lost Out

"Yes sir he wuz afraid o' the banks bustin on him, an so he buried his money"

"Has he got it yet?"

"No he forgot to blaze the tree what it wuz an the man who owned the land put up a sign 'No Trespassing on These Grounds'"—Pittsburg Dispatch

Among the Fliers

"I took a flier in Wall street"

"And the result?"

"Same old aviation news, a fine start and all of a sudden a fearful tumble"—Exchange

Waste not fresh tears over old griefs—Euripides

FOILED THE TURKS

Vienna Bakers Saved Europe From the Grip of the Moslems.

CAUSE OF SOLYMAN'S DEFEAT.

A Momentous Incident In History That Carries With It an Explanation of Why Vienna Rolls Are Molded In the Form of a Crescent

Do you know why Vienna rolls are shaped like crescents? The story forms one of the great "ifs" of history. Solyman the Magnificent sultan of Turkey planned to overrun Europe even as he and his Moslem predecessors had seized the countries of the orient. With a mighty army he captured the fortified island of Rhodes and invaded Hungary annihilating the Magyar forces at Mohacs (in 1526) and slaying the Hungarian king

So successful was the first expedition that he planned a second and more far reaching raid in 1529. Moving onward almost unchecked and carrying all before him he captured Buda and advanced against the city of Vienna

All Europe stood aghast. Nothing had been able to stem the wave of Moslem conquest. Men remembered how one eastern land after another had been seized by the Mohammedan hordes and forced to adopt Mohammedanism as their religion. People trembled for the fate of Christendom. It seemed for a moment almost possible that the whole eastern section of the European continent might fall victim to the Turk and become part of the Moslem possessions

To hope for clemency from Solyman was to rely upon the mercy of the merciless. Conquering one Christian army and strengthened after each the sultan's all powerful army threatened to carry destruction and Mohammedanism throughout the continent. [illegible] was one of [illegible] moments

On moved the Turks. Vienna the capital of the German [illegible] in their path and [illegible] [illegible] between [illegible] of Europe. Should Vienna fall [illegible] the Moslem course [illegible] [illegible] the sultan's army would [illegible] and other [illegible] would [illegible]

The inhabitants of Vienna were at that time more renowned for culture and thrift than for warfare. Yet under Nicholas von Salm they gallantly proposed to defend their city against the foe and fought to the last gasp for their imperiled homes. The Turks drew near destroying Vienna's suburbs and encamped close to the town itself

It was on Sept 27 1529 that the enormous Turkish host laid siege to Vienna, Solyman conducting the affair in person. Before risking useless loss of life in a general assault the sultan tried to make an entrance into the city by means of tunnels. His soldiers were set to work with pick and spade to dig a secret underground way into Vienna by which a body of men might later pour into the place and thus catch the defenders between two fires.

The cleverness of the Turkish engineers and the countless workers at their command made the task a swift one. Here it was that an "if" intervened to save the threatened capital and perhaps Europe as well

Some Vienna bakers were at work one night—so the story runs—in a cellar making bread for the garrison. During a pause in their conversation one of the bakers happened to hear the muffled sound of digging. It seemed to come from a spot not far beyond one of the cellar walls. Guessing at once that the enemy was tunneling a way into the city the bakers rushed out and gave the alarm. The garrison aroused was able to baffle Solyman's plan

The sultan, failing at strategy, next tried force. He hurled his army against the city in one fierce assault after another. The Viennese fought like heroes. Each attack was repulsed with terrific loss to the Turks. For four entire days the Moslems assailed the city fresh detachments ever taking the places of those who retired baffled or defeated. On the fifth day of the assault Oct 14 Solyman gave up the attempt to crush Vienna. He withdrew sullenly from the scene of his defeat leaving 80,000 dead Turks on the field. The price of conquest was for once too high for him

Vienna was saved and not only Vienna, but Europe. Vienna had become Europe's barrier against the Turks' farther advance and the barrier held firm. The northern limit of Europe Turkish raids was reached

Once more in later years Vienna was besieged by the Moslems and she again beat them off. The high tide of such invasion had come and receded. Europe at large was now forever secure from this long dreaded foe

In the moment of victory according to the account the bakers who had given the alarm were not forgotten. To commemorate the event they and their descendants thenceforth molded their rolls into the shape of a crescent (the sacred emblem of Turkey). The custom prevails to this day

Few Americans who are used to seeing crescent shaped Vienna rolls have any idea how such rolls first came to be thus twisted nor what great deed the crescent form commemorates.—Chicago Inter Ocean

The most sublime psalm that can be heard on this earth is the lisping of a human soul from the lips of childhood. —Victor Hugo.

BIG BLOWERS LIVE LONG.

Playing Wind Instruments Doesn't Tend to Shorten Life

Ailments of the heart and lungs have been frequently attributed by pathologists and others to the blowing of wind instruments. It has even been asserted, without any definite foundation in fact, that the cornet, trombone or oboe player is "blowing his lungs away" and will die before his time

Dr Forchheimer in his "Prophylaxis and Treatment of Internal Diseases" shows the fallacy of this belief. He states emphatically that "just as many players of stringed instruments have emphysema as players of wind instruments" and after a long experience of musicians he has come to the conclusion that "neither emphysema nor its predisposition is a result of their occupation"

To determine statistically the effects on longevity of playing upon wind instruments Dr James F Rogers consulted Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" and Champlin's "Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians" and calculated the average age of 100 performers upon wind instruments and of a like number upon stringed instruments. The average length of life of players upon wind instruments was 63.5 years and of players upon stringed instruments 62 years. Of the former [illegible] per cent reached ages above 70 years

For the different wind instruments the averages were as follows: Flute [illegible] years, oboe 63 years, bassoon 63 years, horn [illegible] years, clarinet [illegible] years, trumpet and cornet [illegible] years. It is interesting that the players on wind instruments who exert the greatest intrapneumatic pressure—namely performers on the trumpet and cornet—were the longest lived while the players who exert the least pressure the flutists were the shortest.—New York World

GOOD VENTILATION.

It Possesses an Actual Cash Value In the Workshop

That proper ventilation in factories is an actual cash value has been well illustrated in the case of a firm of shirt and collar manufacturers in Boston. Out where the following results have been obtained from four years attention to the material welfare of the workers

The amount of business made was doubled, wages increased 50 per cent by cutting out contingent help the number of employees was reduced 20 per cent the absences on account of sickness were reduced one third. To the firm this meant that 480 employees did 80 per cent more work in one year than was accomplished by 622 employees in a similar period four years previous. To the workers it meant that 480 of them earned in twelve months $[illegible] more than 622 did during a previous twelve months

Dr C E A Winslow of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology made a study of the amount of illness prevailing among the female operators in the telephone central at Cambridge, Mass, before and after the installation of a system of artificial ventilation. The figures obtained by him show that during the two winters preceding the change when doors and windows had to be kept closed on the average about one girl in twenty was absent daily because of illness. During the corresponding months of the following year when the ventilation had been materially improved only one girl in fifty was absent from duty each day —St Louis Post Dispatch

A Painter's Retort

Shortly after Franz Lenbach had painted the portrait of Emperor William I a privy councilor called on him to express the emperor's satisfaction. There was only one criticism to make—would the professor be so kind as to paint more distinctly the buttons on the uniform which were only indicated vaguely. Lenbach looked at him a moment over his glasses and said "Look here Mr Councilor I paint heads not buttons (ich mal' nur koepfe aber keine knoepfe). Tell his majesty that" The emperor when this answer was brought to him laughed heartily

The Better Lot.

It is evident that Dickens characters were alive to him as well as to his readers and that he moved them on and off the board with sympathy and consideration

"I can never forgive you Mr Dickens," a lady once said to him "for the death of Little Nell in 'The Old Curiosity Shop'"

"Surely" he replied "you would not have liked her to marry a butcher or a baker"

Branding Him

"Jim doesn't think much of me I guess."

"Yes he does, old man. Just the other day he told me you were a brick"

"I'm surprised"

"He went further than that. He said you were a regular gold brick!"—Toledo Blade

Why, Indeed?

He—Why does a woman always think she ought to wear a smaller shoe than she can? She—Why does a man always think he ought to wear a larger hat than he can?—Yonkers Statesman

Wise Woman

"It was Cervantes was it not who said 'No man is born wise'?"

"Perhaps it was but women found it out long before Cervantes did"—Chicago Record Herald

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Call at my Store and look over my stock of
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ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.
The best goods at reasonable prices
CHARLES LEMMLER
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CHARLEY WAH
HAND LAUNDRY
For Ladies and Gentlemen
Work Finished on Third Day
Under Heath's Barber Shop

PURE ICE CREAM
Home made from fresh cream brought daily from Southern View Dairy Farm
Purest and Best materials at our Soda Fountain
A B, ARMSTRONG
Drug Store

The Twenty Payment Life polic[illegible] deposits payable for twenty yea[illegible] only, insurance payable at deat[illegible] We also issue ten fifteen twenty fi[illegible] and thirty payment life policies
Age 21—$29 84 per thousand
Age 30—$38 [illegible] per thousand
Age 40—$[illegible] 17 per thousand
Ask for rates and guaranteed values
The Equitable Life Assurance Soci[illegible]
Strongest in the world
C. A. BURDICK, Agt.
SMETHPORT PENN

ENGSTROM & OLSO[illegible]
Jewelers.
Our line is complete in
Gold, Silver, and Precious Stones.
Special attention is given Watch repairing and Engraving
Engstrom & Olson
SMETHPORT

Real Estate Bargai[illegible]
The undersigned offers for [illegible] any or all of its property loc[illegible] in this borough
Eleven Houses will be [illegible] at one half actual value
Prices range from $47[illegible] $625 00 Including lots.
Also 50 building lots
See Jas A McKean, [illegible] Brasted or C D Comes [illegible]ces, quick
Smethport Land [illegible] Improvement Co

QUIRK'S RESTAURAN[illegible]
Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTE[illegible]
a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop

A Matrimonial Tangle

And the Remarkable Manner In Which It Was Unraveled

By ALLAN G. LAMOND

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In the olden times when there were but three classes in the southern states, the planter, the poor white and the negro, the planter was a sort of patriarchal governor and his family were his deputies. Each plantation was a small community, and when the patriarch was a kindly man the word slavery was in some respects a misnomer. There was often among these planter families a noblesse oblige that is a wholesome feature in any people.

While the young men and women of this class in the main regarded their obligations seriously, they were prone to impulse and often to recklessness. All had their ideas of honor and chivalry and a certain independence in practicing them.

Colonel Le Grand of Mississippi—called colonel by courtesy—was one of these community governors and by virtue of the system prevailing at the time in the south a small monarch. He was beloved by his subjects for a generous, impulsive man with an abnormal sense of honor. He had five sons and one daughter. In such case the daughter is the virtual sovereign of the family. Anita Le Grand ruled first her father and then every one that her father ruled. She was in every respect a child of the old [illegible] and her heart [illegible] herself [illegible] of [illegible] little [illegible] impulses.

The time [illegible] defect [illegible] it may be called [illegible] in Miss Le Grand's character was [illegible] to show itself in her choice of a husband. When she was sixteen it was [illegible] that he would [illegible] man [illegible] When she was [illegible] and [illegible] suitors [illegible] [illegible] extract [illegible]

[illegible]

"Yes, I'll try."

He went away happy, and another took his place.

"I've had it at love [illegible] will be rested."

"Oh, I can't talk like that. I'll do the best I can."

"If you won't let me [illegible]," said a third, "I shall go home and [illegible] will end it."

"Oh, dear! Give me time to think about it."

Since every one of these suitors went away thinking his chances good, each one eventually took [illegible] himself the favored one. It was not long before Miss Le Grand was in a state [illegible] sudden [illegible] to [illegible] one of seven [illegible]. Indeed, she saw herself on the brink of a state of betrothal bankruptcy similar to those chart[illegible] promises over which her father had often chided her. But unfortunately for her the kind man could not save her from a multiplicity of suitors. True, once she went to him for succor in all her necessities, she laid this betrothal muddle before him. The colonel took the matter under advisement. Anita gave him a list of the young men who claimed that she had encouraged them, though there was really no more engagement than is to be found in the above named responses to their pleading. The list embraced the most de[illegible] partis among the neighboring [illegible]ns.

"[illegible]" said Colonel Le Grand to [illegible] "Albert, the son of my old [illegible] Wharton! My little girl could [illegible] better. If she is pledged to [illegible] must keep her word. His [illegible] the soul of honor, and my [illegible] must be scrupulously honorable with his son. Young Fitz Warren, sole heir to one of the finest [illegible] in the south. Rutledge [illegible]! All fine fellows. Every one an honorable gentleman. But one I am not so certain about—Abercrombie. Too much gunpowder in him. He's fought two duels; by one of them he got rid of a [illegible] who was trying to ruin his [illegible] brother by gambling. I would [illegible] mind him if it weren't that he will [illegible] get himself killed in some fash[illegible] and leave my little girl a widow. [illegible] call him 'Mad Dick' Abercrombie. He's well named. No, he won't [illegible] at all. Still, he must be treated [illegible]ably."

[Th]e colonel's next move was to call his daughter into his office room and question her as to her feelings toward these individuals. He began at the top of the list.

"Have you given your word to Bert Wharton, my darling?"

"I don't know."

"Do you love him?"

"I think I might if I tried."

"How about Fitz Warren?"

"I think I might love him a little too."

"You mean you might love him exclusively?"

"Yes."

"Then there are Rutledge Winterton and Abercrombie. I have no objection to any of them except Abercrombie."

To this there was no reply.

"Abercrombie came very nearly killing himself riding his bay gelding in the races last season, and he might have been shot by that villain he insisted on fighting if it hadn't been for his luck. These reckless fellows all seem to be protected by the ghosts of their mammies or some other guardian. We must count Abercrombie out."

"Yes, papa."

"I hope you haven't pledged yourself to him in any way."

"Not any more than the others."

"H'm! Not any more. Have you given him as much encouragement as the others?"

"Just about."

The colonel knit his brows.

"Well, my daughter," he said after reflection, "I fear I can't help you in the matter. I wish I could choose for you, but that is impossible. Consult your own heart and—"

"All right, papa. I'll find some way out of it. Don't worry."

She kissed him affectionately and departed.

Anita consulted her own heart and found that there was a leaning toward the only one of her suitors to whom her father objected. Mad Dick Abercrombie unfortunately held first place on the list. She would have taken some means to eliminate the others and get out of the muddle by accepting him had it not been for her father's disapproval. But her father would disapprove of her not keeping faith with him as well as the others. Therefore she decided that whatever the plan she chose to settle the matter she would give him an equal chance.

Miss Le Grand's plan for a decision was a stroke of genius. At least so she considered it herself. She wrote each one of the applicants for her hand a note stating that she had become somewhat involved with several of them and had concluded to marry the man who served her best. This point she would determine by the energy displayed in [illegible] first [illegible] secure her hand. The first man who proposed to her in person after the receipt of her note she would accept.

Miss Le Grand having written the notes gave them to [illegible]. After her mind [illegible] to deliver the [illegible] the same evening [illegible].

The Le Grand plantation was situated about ten miles from the Mississippi river. Miss Le Grand ordered [illegible] with Uncle Job [illegible] of the horses to get out the carriage and have it standing [illegible] the gate at 11 o'clock on the night [illegible] Anita, who was [illegible] carried a portmanteau. Anita stole out of the house and made her way to the carriage [illegible] with [illegible] last [illegible] Uncle Job was instructed to drive to a little town on the banks of the Mississippi river. There the next morning about [illegible] a steamer going down [illegible] at the wharf. Miss Le Grand went aboard, [illegible] the steamer [illegible] off and [illegible] registered as bound for [illegible], where she intended to visit a relative.

Some ten miles of the journey had been traversed when a man on the eastern shore [illegible] the [illegible] plunged into the [illegible] waters of the Mississippi and swam for the channel. When the steamer neared the point where he was swimming he was observed by the captain and [illegible] of the passengers. The [illegible] guards soon became crowded. On reaching the swimmer he was seen to be struggling to keep afloat, for he had made a long swim in dangerous waters. A plank was thrown to him, and a yawl usually towed at the stern of such boats was pulled for him. He was taken aboard the yawl and rowed to the steamer in an exhausted condition.

Miss Le Grand, who had not slept the night before, was dozing in the ladies' cabin. She was awakened by a babble of voices and saw standing before her, foremost in a crowd of passengers, water soaked and panting, none other than "Mad Dick" Abercrombie.

"I've come to ask you to marry me," was his greeting.

There was a burst of laughter from the crowd, in which Miss Le Grand joined.

"Accept him!" shouted one. "Any man who has the energy and pluck in wooing a woman to commit himself to this eddying and whirling river deserves her."

Miss Le Grand extended her hand, and Abercrombie, kneeling, kissed it.

When Colonel Le Grand heard of the remarkable method by which his daughter had unraveled her matrimonial tangle and how "Mad Dick" Abercrombie had won he exclaimed: "The rascal is worth a dozen of the others." And when he asked Dick how he got wind of the direction Anita had taken he received the following evasive reply:

"I flatter myself, colonel, there is not one of your servants that would not give me a lift in the chief event of my life."

And he was right.

STRUGGLING TO KEEP AFLOAT

Widow Clancy's Second

He Put a Wrong Interpretation on What He Heard

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Harry Barry sat under the shade of his broad brimmed hat eating his lunch. It was a queer conglomerate lunch, the product of the cook's hurried gathering of leftovers.

Away off to the westward the Crane and Gabriel were riding back and forth, their forms like pygmies against the blue haze of the foothills. They had consumed their bean sandwiches and doughnuts and perhaps even their eggs—Harry Barry shuddered—and were alive and able to ride around with some agility.

As for himself, he felt like a water soaked log. A weight of tons seemed to press on his chest; he felt melancholy and down at heart. There was nothing in the cattle business for him—the bottom had dropped out of everything that bright sunshiny day.

If he had been assistant foreman of the Lone Bull ranch, if he had been chief herder of the outfit, if he had been anything except plain Harry Barry, the merriest, warmest hearted scamp the Lone Bull had ever known, he might have won the Widow Clancy. Yes, Harry Barry had been in love, was in love, always would be hopelessly in love with the pretty widow who had bought the ranch next the Lone Bull and whose chief adviser he had been for several months. He it was who had bounced her foreman and installed in his place a stout, capable German who was honest above everything else, and that is very important when a widow's funds are to be disbursed.

A few careless words in the bunk house that morning had turned his complacency into bitter consternation.

"Is it true about Ruyter and the widow?" Jim Lewis had asked of Tim Roth.

"So I hear," Tim had carelessly replied. "Says Mrs. Clintock put it up to the widow, asking her if Ruyter wasn't the [illegible], and say, [illegible] you oughter seen how Mrs. Clancy blushed—right up to her pretty ears. She said he was. Wonder what Harry will say to that."

A RATTLESNAKE, COILED TO SPRING

Swiftly Harry arose and [illegible] his horse [illegible] where Gabriel was [illegible] done. "[illegible]" asked Gabriel [illegible] Harry [illegible] he asked.

"Hades isn't in it," growled Harry, mopping his face.

"Things is mighty slow. Crane and me will get along first rate. Harry, why don't you ride over to the gulch and take a snooze in the rocks? I heard the stream was deep enough to take a dip in. Go along; we don't want you."

"I'd like to, mighty," hesitated Harry.

The Crane rode up then and mingled his commands with those of Gabriel, and soon the two older men were watching his drooping form disappearing toward Satan's gulch, a bit of coolness dug out of the foothills.

"I'd like to chaw up that Dutchman," growled Gabriel without preface.

"Here's your chance," said Crane dryly. "He's coming now."

Gabriel turned a saturnine countenance toward a huge roly poly figure bouncing along astride of a tall, rawboned sorrel. The German's face was crimson with the heat, and his fair hair was plastered to his forehead in dark strings. He pulled to a standstill beside the cattlemen and mopped his brow with a blue cotton handkerchief.

"It's hot!" he muttered helplessly.

"Is it?" asked the Crane innocently. "My pardner here, Gabriel, was saying as how he wished I'd favor him by riding home for an extra blanket."

"So!" exploded Ruyter. "You are cold blooded, Mr. Gabe!"

Gabriel shrugged his shoulders. "Why don't you go over to the gulch, Ruyter, and have a dip in the stream? Cool you off."

"I vill," said the other with enthusiasm. "I forgot that gulch, boys."

"It'll make Harry feel peart to smash that Dutchman," observed the Crane.

"I only wish I was there to see it," deplored Gabriel.

Within Satan's gulch Harry Barry let his horse amble to the upper end, where there was a ragged heap of rocks from which sprouted a little grove of cottonwood. From out of the rocks there issued a stream of pure water that steamed as it lapped the hot sandy banks. Under the cottonwoods there was a delicious coolness, and Harry staked his horse and flung himself down in the grateful shade and closed his aching eyes.

If he could only stop thinking of the faithless Widow Clancy, who had so ruthlessly broken his heart, Harry would have felt better, but the love smitten young man was sore pressed with recollection of the tender coquetries of the pretty widow who had loved or pretended she did, and worst of all she was going to marry that fat faced German butcher.

Ruyter was fat faced, but there was a certain florid comeliness about his looks as he jogged into Satan's gulch to search for quiet and shade. He did not see Harry Barry, nor did the cattleman see him until Ruyter had dismounted and was stumbling about among the stones; then Harry aroused and sat bolt upright among the rocks and stared at his successful rival.

"What do you want?" he snarled fiercely.

The German stopped short and stared. "That's no way to speak to a chentleman," he admonished severely.

"That's why I say it to you, Ruyter! What are you doing here?"

"I came to cool off," said the German angrily. "Dis Satan's gulch it's bublic broperty."

"It's not big enough to hold both of us," warned Harry, his hand on his hip pocket.

"Den you petter pe going, sonny," said Ruyter imperturbably.

"I was here first," argued Harry.

"Den you should go first. You had your share of der coolness—so!" Ruyter sat heavily down on a rock near Harry and mopped his crimson face. "Chiminy, but it's cruel hot!" he groaned.

"Why don't you go back to the ranch then? I tell you this place isn't big enough for both of us. I'll fight you for it," he suggested thirstily.

"I ain't a fighting man," murmured the German heavily. "It's too blamed hot to fight, anyways."

Harry glared at the man who would not be affronted, the man who would not fight and give Harry Barry an opportunity to lay him low and thus place the Widow Clancy once more on the free list. It came over him all at once then that, of course, if the Widow Clancy didn't want him, why should he want her? What was love if two did not [illegible]? Why kill Ruyter? Was it worth while?

He sprang to his feet and whistled to his horse. Ruyter looked up with dull interest. "Dat's right, Mr. Barry. First you come and first you goes—so."

Harry Barry stood in frozen silence at what he saw behind Ruyter's back. There [illegible] its rest among the [illegible] was a rattlesnake, coiled to spring. Another instant and Ruyter would be beyond help—Harry's rival would be put out of the way.

There was a flash of fire, a report that [illegible] among the [illegible] [illegible] twitched [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] "Ach Gott! I'm dead! I is dead!" [illegible]

"Aw, wake up," Harry grunted [illegible] the pleasure of killing Ruyter [illegible]. "That's what's [illegible]." He pointed to the [illegible] rattler. [illegible] his face was as white as [illegible].

"You did it for me," he almost whimpered.

"It's a thing," said Harry sullenly as he threw a leg over his horse.

There came a shrill cry down the canyon and a clatter of hoofs as Mrs. Clancy [illegible] recklessly among the loose stones. She drew rein at sight of the two men, and her eyes lingered long on Ruyter's dejected form.

"They said you and Ruyter were going to fight," she said to Harry accusingly, her eyes blazing, her hair tinged with the red of the sun.

"I haven't hurt your Dutchman," said Harry rudely. "He's perfectly safe."

"He safed my life from dat, Mrs. Clancy," said Ruyter agitatedly, pointing a fat finger at the remains of the rattler.

She shuddered and then recovered her equanimity. Once more she was the cool, level headed little woman that Harry Barry had fallen in love with.

"Go on, Ruyter," she commanded the German. "You've got a lot of matters to clean up, you know."

"Yes, Mrs. Clancy," he said gladly, leaving the place. When the echoes of the sorrel's shambling hoofbeats had died away Mrs. Clancy lifted her eyes to Harry's handsome sullen face and spoke.

"Why did you call Ruyter my Dutchman?" she demanded crisply.

"They say—they say—you're going to marry him," stammered Harry, feeling hot and foolish.

"I don't know who they are, but they are dead wrong. No, sir; keep your distance! I dismissed Ruyter yesterday, and the Clintocks are jollying me because he's the second foreman I've had since I've been here." Her eyes swept his face and then turned away. "Is that why you saved his life?"

"I thought they meant your second husband," said Harry, growing bolder.

"I'm not going to have a second husband," said Mrs. Clancy decidedly, yet showing the curve of a pink cheek.

"Never?" insinuated Harry.

But Mrs. Clancy did not answer, yet there was something in the demure curve of her lips that led Harry Barry to feel riotously happy and to sing love songs in her pretty ear all the way home.

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THE WHITE PERIL.

Consumption Must Be Prevented Rather Than Cured.

STAMP OUT THE INFECTION.

Unless the Germs of the Disease in the Habitation, Whether It Be House or Tent, Are Utterly Destroyed Fresh Air and "Cures" Avail Little.

There is no cure for tuberculosis, and probably never will be accepting the word cure in the sense of some special medicine. A disease prevented is better than cured for no one is so well off physically or financially after any illness and particularly does this truth apply to tuberculosis. The successful prevention of a disease does away with any need for its "cure." This is well exemplified in the case of yellow fever. We have never succeeded in finding a cure for that former scourge of the south but we have done far better. We have wiped out the disease bodily, bag and baggage by simple preventive methods.

So writes Dr P C Walsh in the Technical World Magazine and he declares that notwithstanding the optimists the disease is on the increase. He singles out and lays great stress on the fact that consumption is a contagious disease and on the contention that it is not contracted to any great extent through infected milk or even by the using the drinking cups that consumptives use or through the spitting nuisance. Its spread is through the infection of the habitation. Here is one of his parables.

Brown had moved in the month of May into a house in another part of the town where he had always lived. By fall he had contracted tuberculosis. It was discovered later that several different families who had occupied this same house in succession had lost several members from tuberculosis. No attempt had ever been made to disinfect the house. Brown went to a far western state pitched his tent on a certain spot and never made any change from that one spot until his death. Note that fact. As a result the soil over which he slept night after night became saturated with the accumulated germs which he expelled in coughing, so that he was continually at night rebreathing into his system the very seeds which cause the disease. He was reporsoning himself nightly and didn't know it. His system would have been able to throw off the original germ poison which it contracted but it was not strong enough to withstand a new dose of the poison every night. Had he changed the location of his tent daily he could have slept each night in an atmosphere practically germ free.

Jones is another victim. He goes to the same state. He has an idea that he can get along without any tent and sleeps with only the stars above rolled up in his blanket. He naturally moves from place to place each day sleeping on new and different ground each night. He ends by being cured.

Smith has the disease and goes to the west. He feels and looks in perfect health long before a year is gone. He returns home satisfied that he is cured. In less than four months he is again in the relentless clutches of the disease.

There is a lesson in this. The open air treatment is all right but it must be attended by right methods. All early cases of consumption which have failed to recover by outdoor treatment must lay the blame to faulty treatment. Jones who recovered you will remember did change his location every day having no tent to bother him and in doing so avoided the fatal mistake of Brown.

How about Smith? The case of Smith is of the greatest importance. He had recovered you will remember and returned to his home feeling himself back to what? To the very same plague filled room in which he had first contracted the disease—a room reeking with tubercular germ life and which had at one time been occupied it was learned later by five different consumptives at various times. The disease took hold on him a second time for the simple reason that he came back to the original source of his disease. He should have sought new quarters or else the house and particularly the room he occupied should have been disinfected before being occupied by him or any one else. These three cases cited are but typical instances. There are thousands upon thousands of Browns, Joneses and Smiths living and dying this very day whose story if told in its true light would match exactly the simple but pathetic history of these three men.

The thing that the doctor brings out is that consumption must be prevented rather than cured, that prevention is easy and cheap and lies in disinfection. This in the case of the consumptive's quarters he insists should be at least once a week. The formula is simple. Fumigate every room in the house with the vapor given off by heating formaldehyde. Wash all the floors windows and woodwork with mild solutions of corrosive sublimate and water. Fresh air either at home or elsewhere he establishes is in itself insufficient.

He reaches the conclusion that the very existence of the hope of a 'cure' has been responsible for increase of the disease. He urges people to flee from consumption by killing it in the germ that lurks in house or ground.

Think all you speak but speak not all you think.—D[illegible]

THE GHOST OF THE PAST.

It Rose Up to Taunt and Haunt the Poor Human Derelict.

The small crowd of grimy loafers lounged weakly in the little circle of light from the fitfully flickering lamp about the door. Two or three of them were leaning against a many colored poster, almost unreadable in the gloom. The door swung open—it was never shut—and a dapper figure in a red jersey and peaked cap of the Salvation Army appeared with a cheery greeting.

"Come in men, come in. Fine treat tonight splendid gramophone, all the latest from the music halls. Come on in."

One by one they went. Comic songs and Sousa marches rang nasally through the hall. Then the cheery voice was heard again.

"Now for some grand opera, gentlemen."

One living derelict who had subsided silently after his arrival from the public house roused himself at the words.

"Opera—grand opera," he muttered hazily.

The familiar whir of the gramophone began again and then a voice from the aluminium horn announced "Song from 'I Pagliacci' by Pompey Carlyle the famous tenor of grand opera." As the name of the singer was announced the ragged waif stiffened upright where he sat. Then as the first notes rang out his face held all the agony of a lost soul. Straight to his feet he bounded, then, with a cry, "Stop it for heaven's sake stop it!" and with grimy hands pressed over his face he rushed from the hall followed by a storm of abuse.

"What's the matter?" queried the commissioner.

"Queer bloke," answered another waif, still gasping from an attack of coughing which had torn his frail body. "Sings outside pubs. Used to be in hopera 'isself. Booze done it."

"What do you call him?"

"Pompey Carlyle."

"Heavens it was his own song he heard!"—London Tit Bits

TOBACCO CHEFS.

Experts That Make Sauces For Flavoring the Different Brands

"I am a tobacco chef," said the sallow man. "I make the sauces that give us smoking or chewing tobacco as a food chef makes the sauces which give us sole colbert or poulet creole.

"Take this dark sweet juicy plug of navy brown so popular among the more prosperous type of teamsters. Well the flavor of this plug is due to a sauce made of sugar licorice whisky and honey.

"Here is a mild cool pipe tobacco that college boys favor. Smell it. Very aromatic, eh? Well it has been steeped in a sauce composed of the essential oils of citronella bergamot and cassia.

"But it is when you come to the high grade Havana cigar, the cigar that sells for 40 or 50 cents that you see the tobacco chef at his best. He doesn't make his sauces then of such common ingredients as sugar, bergamot, licorice and so forth. No, he makes them of bacteria. The flavors of the high grade Havana tobaccos depend, you see, entirely on their ferments. Each tobacco undergoes a different fermentation and here the chef comes in applying the bacteria of yeasts which cause these fermentations to the leaf.

"Yes the tobacco chef of the highest type the one who ferments Havana tobacco handles the various breeds of bacteria as an ordinary chef handles pepper and salt mustard and cloves and mace."—Buffalo Express

Punishment After Death

A negro already under sentence of life imprisonment was convicted of two charges of assault to murder. With great gravity the jury sentenced him to five years on each charge and ordered the prison officers to keep his corpse for ten years after he died. Perhaps a little theology entered the decision the jury feeling as did the man found hammering away at a snake after he had killed it and who explained by saying he believed in punishment after death.—Judge

A Statesman's Queer Ambition

The great Lord Grey had an ambition far above politics. He had passed the reform bill but that did not satisfy his soul. There was talk of Taglioni and Grey said quite earnestly "What would I give to dance as well as she!"

The statesman who had been prime minister and had left an indelible mark on the history of his country was actually envious of an opera dancer!—London Globe

Right Back at Her

"Does your husband allow you to have things charged at the stores?"

"Oh I think he would but —"

"But the stores wouldn't. Is that what you were going to add?"

"Oh no. I was going to say that he gives me plenty of money with which to pay cash. Does yours?"—Buffalo Express

An Unbiased Champion.

"Queer world isn't it? See that chap over there the one who is putting up the big holler for individual drinking cups for public use?"

"Yes."

"He hasn't drunk a drop of water for seven years."—Cleveland Plain Dealer

The Very Same.

Howell—I can say the Ten Commandments backward. Jowell—Yes, that's the way you obey them.—New York Press

ARTIFICIAL EYES.

The Art of Making Them Resemble Their Human Patterns.

MATCH IN SHAPE AND COLOR.

They Fit the Eye Socket Perfectly and May Even Be Worn During Sleeping Hours—Made of Glass, For Which No Substitute Has Yet Been Found

Germany leads all other countries in the manufacture of artificial eyes. The American consul general at Coburg relates that probably ever since the beginning of the world civilized people have endeavored to hide or remedy any flaw in their appearance such as the loss of an eye would cause. How this was done by the various nations it is hard to say. Up to the present time no discoveries have been made that would offer enlightenment on this subject. There are, it is true, a few unauthenticated accounts as far back as the middle ages but the first reliable report is given by the French surgeon Ambroise Paré in 1560.

Two kinds of artificial eyes were known to him the ekblepharos and the hypoblepharos. The ekblepharos was made by painting the eye and all surrounding parts as far as the brows on a plate, which was placed in front of the eye socket and held in position by a string tied over the head. The hypoblepharos was used in a manner similar to that of today being put behind the eyelid in the eye socket itself and was composed of a metal shell of copper, silver or gold, covered with enamel and glass fusions.

It was only at the close of the eighteenth century that these artificial eyes really became of practical use, it being then found possible to do away with the metal shell altogether and employ enamel and glass. The material used was a soft lead glass easily shaped but also easily destructible, and an eye had to be renewed every three or four months to prevent the socket from becoming affected.

It is known that in the middle of the nineteenth century eyes were made by enamelers in Dresden, Prague, London and Stockholm, and in Thuringia. The Thuringian makers were not enamelers but glassblowers working in connection with the porcelain painting industry whose endless and untiring experiment resulted in the discovery of an ideal material, cryolite glass the use of which led to a new technique in eye manufacture. Moreover, there can now be produced all the characteristics of the human eye which had been possible in enamel work. The new prosthetic eye received the name "reform eye." To be of value however it must be made to exactly fit the eye socket.

Today it is possible to give to the reform eye any form and color desired and in most cases it can be even worn at night thereby preventing the lid from sinking into the socket and the lashes from sticking together. At times attempts have been made to replace the breakable glass by vulcanite or celluloid but such efforts have long since been given up as useless.

In 1852 the method used in France for making eyes was as follows: On the broadly pressed end of a small colorless transparent rod of enamel the pupil was first made and the iris was then formed on this by means of a small thin pointed, colored enameled rod, the designing of the iris being made possible by melting the point of this rod.

In Paris the good eyes are now so made: A glass tube closed at one end and of the color of the sclerotic is next blown into the form of an oval and in the middle of this a hole is melted the edges of which are rounded off evenly and pressed a little outward. The iris is then placed in this opening and well melted in. A thick coating of glass remains behind. The eye is rounded off, the projecting rim of the white coat is smoothed with a metal rod and this coat is thereby joined to the sclerotic. By means of a thin pointed red rod the blood vessels to be seen on the hard coat of the human eye are then melted in. The superfluous back part of the eyeball is melted off thereby giving to the eye the desired form. The eye is finally placed on hot sand where it becomes gradually cooled off.

Glass eyes are made in quite a different manner in Lauscha the center of this industry in Germany, where their manufacture is altogether a house industry. The eyes are usually made by one member of a family, and the art is handed down from one generation to another. A gas flame is used for melting the glass. A small drop of white glass is put on the white blown ball from which the sclerotic is to be made and is then blown so as to make a circle about eight millimeters (0.315 inch) in diameter. On this circle the structure of the iris is built by means of variously colored glass rods. A drop of black glass makes the pupil. Over the finished iris crystal glass is melted in order to imitate the cornea. The further manufacture is similar to that given in the first description.

Flannagan's Way

Cassidy—Flannagan's thinking of goin' into the haulin' business—He bought a foine new cart today. Casey—But shure he has no horse. Flannagan—No, but he's goin' to buy wan. Casey—Well that's loike Flannagan. He always did git the cart befoor the horse.—Philadelphia Ledger

It is a very great thing for us to do the very best we can do just where and as we are.—Babcock

TOO SMART FOR HIM.

Woman Witness Gets Lawyer-Man on the Grill

Lawyers who make it their business to badger witnesses sometimes display a lack of caution in the selection of their victims as is plain from the following story. It will be read with pleasure by those who believe that even an innocent witness is entitled to fair treatment in courts of law.

A very nice motherly respectable woman was in the witness box. She kept a cheap boarding house and it was the desire of one of her guests to be dishonest that had brought her to the court to make him pay his board.

"How old did you say you were, madam?" inquired the lawyer, with no reason on earth.

"I did not say, sir," the witness responded.

"Will you be kind enough to say, madam?"

"It's none of your business."

"Objection sustained," smiled the court.

"Um," said the lawyer, rubbing his chin, "how much did you say the defendant owed you?"

"Five pounds."

"And for how long was that?"

"Five weeks."

"That's a pound a week isn't it?"

"Yes sir."

"Five weeks at £1 a week is £5, I believe you said."

"Yes sir."

"Isn't that an extravagant price to pay for board in that locality madam?" inquired the lawyer severely.

"He didn't pay it, sir," answered the worm beginning to turn.

The lawyer gave a little start of surprise then he became indignant.

"Don't be facetious in the witness box, madam," he said assuming a tone of warning. "This is a serious matter madam. I have asked if your prices were not exorbitant and you have seen fit to answer lightly, madam. Now madam I ask you in all earnestness if you mean to tell the court that your prices are moderate and that if I should come to your house to board you would charge me a pound a week? Answer directly madam," and the attorney sat back in his chair and assumed an imperial manner.

The witness was not at all abashed.

"No sir," she said simply, "I would—"

"I thought not, I thought not," interrupted the lawyer rubbing his hands.

"No, sir," continued the witness, "I would not charge you at all. I would make you pay in advance."—Tit Bits

His Disqualification.

When we saw her she had stopped panting by the road to rest. It was the shell road in Bay St Louis and she was black. Beside her was a heavy market basket filled to overflowing. We smiled at her with sympathetic friendliness and she responded with full and free confidence.

"Yassm I is sour tlahed. An' lame. All painful wid miseries. Yassm I couldn't done sen some one else to mahket fo me. Mah grandson he couldna done gone. But I dasn't trus' him. He spends mah money too briefly."—Housekeeper

Fruit Grafting

"By Jove," chortled the alleged humorist as he gazed at a check for $10 received from a confiding editor in exchange for a joke a thousand years old, "who says now that plums do not grow on chestnut trees?"

And he hied him forth into the night and blew himself to a thistle cocktail made of grape juice.—Harper's Weekly

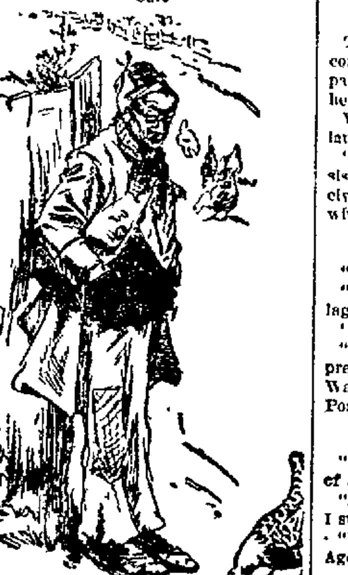
Should Be a Limit

"I saw Peckham today," remarked Nagget, "and he was very drunk."

"Well there's some excuse for him," replied Mrs Nagget. "He lost his wife last week."

"I know, but a man should be able to celebrate without making a hog of himself."—Catholic Standard and Times

Safe



Ephraim—Now, how de dickens did dat fowl know dat I reformed?

Hard Luck.

I looked into the azure eyes
  Of her I sought to win
In deep endeavor to surmise
  My fond heart's fate therein

And searching with a lover's wit
  Those orbs of heaven's hue
My prospects seemed, I must admit,
  To be exceeding blue
—Boston Transcript

TO A MISS, ON HER BIRTHDAY

The marching years go by
  And brush your garments' hem
The bandits by and by
  Will bid you go with them

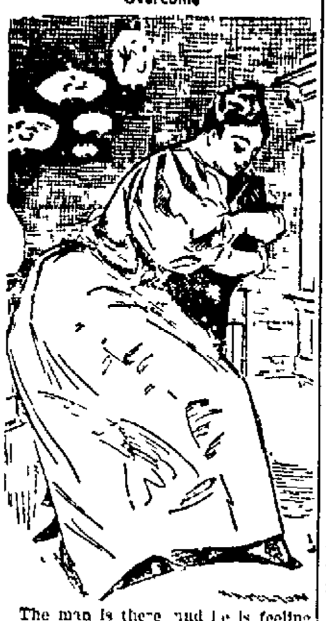
Trust not that caravan
  Old vagabonds are they
They'll rob you if they can
  And make believe it's play

Make the old robbers give
  Of all the spoils they bare—
That [illegible] to help you live,
  The joys to keep you fair

Ask not [illegible]
  [illegible]
The foolish will grow old
  [illegible]

Make of your sweet demands
  For [illegible]
And the years will fill your hands
  With treasures rarely known
—Hampton's

Overcome



The man is there and he is feeling out of sight too.

Taken Literally

A negro servant in a fashionable West Philadelphia house suffers greatly with indigestion. Recently her mistress insisted that the family doctor be called in to prescribe for her. The physician advised a dessertspoonful of a certain powder which he provided to be taken after each meal.

Next day Dr — — was called on the telephone.

"Say Mistah Doctah," said a voice, "I's done lost mah dessertspoon an there ain' that moder in de house. What am I gwine to do please?"

"Oh take a little on a half dollar," answered the doctor and he hung up the receiver.

The physician was called hurriedly that night to the residence of his patient. He found the darky rocking to and fro in a chair, abject despair depicted on her face. "Fo de Lawd doctah," she wailed, "I couldn't find a half dollar and done took a whole one wid mah medicin. Now dat misery keeps on gettin wusser and wusser and what am wusser dat dollar wuth't nuh dollar nohow."—Philadelphia Times

Side Lights on His Career

A deputation from the literary guild had waited on Dr Samuel Johnson and asked him to make a speech before that body on a certain date.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I shall have to refer you to my press agent Mr Boswell. How have I got to make a spiel anywhere next Tuesday night?"

"Why no doctor," answered Boswell in an undertone, "but you'll have to pass it up. You know it will be two weeks yet before you get your glad rags out of hock. Gentlemen," he added turning to the callers, "I regret to say that Dr Johnson's time will be fully occupied for the next fortnight."

This incident on mature reflection was suppressed by Mr Boswell when he came to write that immortal biography.—Chicago Tribune

The Pace

The rhinoceros surveyed the world complacently. "After all, I set the pace in a manner of speaking," quoth he.

Whereat the other beasts burst out laughing.

"Well, it's a fact," the rhinoceros insisted. "Tell me please, where would civilization be if it were not for men with hides like mine?"—Puck

A Possible Reason.

"What are you reading?"

"A poem entitled the 'Deserted Village.'"

"Why was the village deserted?"

"I haven't got that far yet, but I presume the inhabitants had gone to Washington after jobs."—Pittsburg Post

Telling the Whole Story.

"Young man, I began life on a salary of $1 a week."

"And lived with your father awhile I suspect."

"Um—well yes I did."—Birmingham Age-Herald

Pa's Experience

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the stock exchange?

Pa—The stock exchange my son is a place where a man is apt to exchange a stock of money for a stock of experience.—Chicago News

Not a Bite

"Didn't de young bride at de wayside cottage give you anything to eat?"

"Nay w' Angel food apple fritters and griddlecakes."—St Louis Globe Democrat

PIERCED THE ALPS.

Scene When the Two Borings In the Lotschberg Tunnel Met

The colossal task of piercing the Bernese Alps between the Kander valley on the north and Rhone valley on the south is completed says a dispatch from Kandersteg Switzerland to the Chicago Inter Ocean. The new tunnel known as the Lotschberg tunnel is about nine and a half miles long entering the mountains at Kandersteg and emerging at Goppenstein near Gampel on the Rhone. The tunnel has been under construction for five years and has cost $[illegible].

The last dividing wall between the two borings which was about three feet thick was pierced at 2 o'clock in the morning. The hole was not detected until the wreckage had been removed. It was first seen by a miner from the south side, who set a drill through the hole and then realized the fact and stopped the boring. There was then repeated and prolonged cheering through the entire tunnel. M Moro, the chief engineer of the south side, slipped through the hole followed by all the workmen and engineers from the south side. Again there was a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm and the engineers and miners of both sides embraced and kissed each other.

"Magic" Cloths

Many housewives gladly pay 25 cents for so called "magic" cloths, as they are very useful for silver and other metals. Being dry, they do not soil the hands or clothing and do their work until the cloth itself wears out. To make such a cloth take one quart of gasoline one half pound of whiting and one eighth ounce of oleic acid, mixing all together and shaking well. Soak pieces of woolen cloth in the mixture and hang them in the open air in a shady place to dry. When the cloths are dry the "magic" qualities have been given to them and these they will never lose. The material must be wool.—New York Globe

"Dinner of Deadly Enemies"

Lady Randolph Churchill once gave at her house in Connaught place what she called a dinner of deadly enemies. It was thought says Mr G W Smalley in his "Anglo American Memories" a hazardous experiment. It proved a complete success. They were all well bred people. They all recognized their obligations to their hostess as paramount for the time being. In some cases ancient animosities were softened. In all they were suspended.

The Shoplifter

Old Jed Shucks and his wife had visited New York city and after they got home Jed was describing to his friends the wonders of city ways.

"An' we went to a big department shop," he said, "an' we got later one o' them 'ere things wot whizzes ye clean up to the top—what in tarnation is their name ma?"

"Shoplifters Jedediar," Mrs Shucks replied.

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